

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

ON the 8th of April last Brigham Young was re-elected Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in all the world, at the Conference of the Mormon Church held in the new Temple at St. George, Utah. Brigham Young was born at Whitingham, Vermont, June 1st, 1801. He joined the Mormons in 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio, and his energetic shrewdness soon secured for him an influential status. In 1835 he was one of the twelve apostles sent out to make converts. On the death of Joe Smith in 1844 he was chosen President and Prophet. After the disasters at Nauvoo, he, with a majority of the sect, abandoned that location early in 1846. He then announced that the Salt Lake Valley had been revealed as the Promised Land, and founded Salt Lake City in July, 1847. In the Spring of 1849, immigration having greatly increased the Mormon ranks, a State was organized by the rulers, which they termed Deseret, but which Congress refused to admit as such into the Union, constituting in place thereof the Territory of Utah, of which, in 1850, Brigham Young was appointed United States Governor. Up to 1854 this state of things existed, but the Mormons subsequently defied the laws and officers of the Federal authority. In 1857 President Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming Governor of Utah, and sent an army of 2,500 men to enforce his authority. In November, 1857, Governor Cumming proclaimed the Mormons as in a state of rebellion, but in 1858 a compromise was effected by which the Federal authority was to be respected, and Brigham Young left in power as President and Ruler of the Mormon Church. He is six feet high, and uncommonly compact and well-muscled. He measures forty-four inches around the chest, and such is his breadth in mid-person that strangers who see him for the first time in his short, gray business coat, imagine him a rather "stumpy" man several inches shorter than he is. His head is of moderate size, with strong development of the basic and posterior regions of the cranium, and it is by no means lacking in anterior breadth. His hair is chestnut if not colored, abundant in growth, and combed in a pedantic style into a foretop to the right side, with somewhat of the lop of a rooster's comb. He has nineteen wives; fifteen of these are his own for time and eternity; the other four are proxy wives, being widows of Joseph Smith. The children of their union with Brigham are credited to Joseph Smith, and go to swell his kingdom. All plural wives are known by their maiden names, to distinguish one from the other. The following is a correct list of Brigham's wives in the order of their marriages: Mary Ann

Angel, Lucy Decker, Mrs. Augusta Cobb, Harriet Cook, Clara Decker, Emeline Free, Lucy Biglow, Zina D. Huntington, Susan Snively, Margaret Pierce, Mrs. Twiss, Emily Partridge, Martha Boker, Eliza Burgess, Eliza R. Snow, Harriet Barney, Amelia Folsom, Mary Van Cott, and Ann Eliza Webb, the nineteenth and last.

Brigham Young has forty-five living children; the most of them are grown and married. There are twenty-nine girls and sixteen boys in his family. Seven of Brigham's daughters taste the sweets of plural marriages. Two of the seven call Hiram B. Clawson husband, two are allied to George Thatcher, and two to Mark Croxall; the seventh is the second mate of Thomas Williams. Amelia

Folsom is the only wife Brigham lives with at present. He has forsaken all for her. Upon this favorite wife is lavished all the care and attention the most devoted monogamist could possibly bestow upon his companion. In the President's household they have what is called "ration day." Once a month each family receives five pounds of sugar, one pound of candles, a bar of soap, and a box of matches. The rule with all the Prophet's wives—except the favorite—is that all food beyond the plainest fare, and all clothing except what nature demands for the protection of the person, the wife is expected to provide for herself and children. Brigham promises his wives \$1,000 a year pin-money and a good home; but they get neither

The endowments, or secret rites of Mormonism, are a sort of allegory in blank verse, paraphrased from the Scriptures and Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are rooms fitted up with scenery adapted to the performance of a drama representing the creation of man, his fall, the coming of Christ and the priesthood of Joseph Smith. In the performance Brigham Young takes the part of Elohim or head God, while other prominent men represent Jesus, Satan, Michael, and the Apostles. Different degrees of the Aaronic and Melchizedek priesthood are conferred, at each stage of which the candidate is required to take oaths of secrecy, accompanied with barbarous penalties, should they dare to violate them. They are also given a new

name by which they will be known in the kingdom of God. The entire ceremony is of little interest to the outside world, except where the candidate takes a solemn oath to "bear eternal hostility to the Government of the United States, and avenge the murder of the prophet Joseph Smith." In this ceremony the women wear a long robe, which is placed on the right shoulder, is gathered at the waist with strings, and flows to the floor; there is an apron of linen covered with green silk and embroidered with fig-leaves—the nearest approach to the Paradisaical apron that is consistent with our climate. The men wear a cap of linen similar to those worn by stonemasons. The ladies' caps are of Swiss muslin, with a veil of the same, which has a pretty effect. The intensely funny appearance of the men in this costume is irresistible. This is the costume in which the Mormons are prepared for the grave.

The admission of Utah as a State into the Federal Union has been a leading dream of Brigham Young for several years past. And it is asserted that the conviction of Bishop John D. Lee for complicity in the Mountain Meadows Massacre was in the main due to an assurance given Young that the event would be hastened by such action. Ever since Lee's execution the daily papers have been full of intelligence indicative of the intention of the Mormons to resist the United States authorities in the discharge of their duties, even to the extent of calling out the Nauvoo Legion, a military organization of the Church; an alleged determination of the United States authorities to send more troops into the Territory has given a considerable color to the sensational rumors; but even if this action is taken, it cannot be construed into a precaution against a hostile surprise. The simple truth is that at the outbreak, and several times during the progress, of the Indian campaign, a large number of troops were withdrawn from their rendezvous at the military station in the Territory to support General Crook; and should a force now be ordered thither it would only be



BRIGHAM YOUNG, PROPHET, SEER AND REVELATOR, AND PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN ALL THE WORLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.



with the object of filling the usual peace complement allotted to that district. Within the last six weeks Mr. Frank Leslie, with his trans-continental party, stopped twice in Salt Lake City, and after repeated conversations with leading citizens, both of Mormon and Gentile proclivities, he became thoroughly convinced that there is neither an immediate nor a remote prospect of any conflict between the Mormons and the Federal Government.

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### BY RAIL ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

*The Frank Leslie trans-continental excursion party, whose departure from this city on April 10th was announced in these columns in No. 1,126, returned safely on June 7th, having in the interval twice traversed the breadth of the Continent. Every place of interest on the route was visited, and its points of significance intelligently studied, and an enduring record made of them by photograph, pencil and pen. It was our intention to have begun in the present Number the publication of a series of articles, illustrating fully this wonderful section of our country, but a desire to present the pictures in the highest style of art has induced us to postpone the initial paper to our next issue, No. 1,136. The series will be continued regularly until the entire trip from New York to San Francisco and the Yosemite region, including a visit, on the homeward route, to Brigham Young, at Great Salt Lake City, has been illustrated.*

### GETTING UP A PARTY.

THE editor of a Western newspaper has put himself to the trouble and labor of attempting to prove that President Hayes cannot succeed in forming a new party, for the reason that he lacks the ability to do it. There is no reason for believing that President Hayes has ever entertained such an idea, while it is certain that he has expressed himself altogether satisfied with the party which gave him the nomination for the place he holds, and which he does not expect to hold for a second term. Whatever else he may attempt, it may be safely assumed that President Hayes will not attempt to form a new party for anybody's benefit, not even for his own advancement.

Parties are never projected; they sometimes may seem to owe their existence to certain men whom they give prominence to, but parties to accomplish anything of moment must be the natural outgrowth of the popular will. There is no subject that would so well reward the student of American politics as the rise and decay of parties in the country, to discover the causes of their origin, and the circumstances which led to their decay. The Democratic Party has existed longer as a political organization than any other party in the country, but it has undergone so many changes that it can scarcely be regarded as a continuous organization, except in name. Apparently, Jefferson was the founder of the Democratic Party, but he was, in reality, only its servant; he formulated its ideas, and was the most conspicuous of its many able administrators. John Quincy Adams was a Jeffersonian Democrat, but he was never on good terms with the Democracy, who rejected him and delivered the party up to the management of Andrew Jackson; and for twelve years at least, Democracy meant nothing but Jacksonism.

While that remarkable man was alive his will ruled in the Democratic ranks with greater potency than any other man has ever exercised in this country, and when he died the party that had followed his commands became disintegrated, and was defeated from the lack of a strong man to grapple with its enemies. The party has been able to obtain power several times since the decay of Jacksonism, but it has succeeded in consequence of the blunders and weakness of its opponents, and not because the Democracy had an able commander or could count upon the sympathies of the people.

Polk, Pierce and Buchanan were men of respectable ability, but they were wholly lacking in the characteristics of a political leader. They were taken up for the purpose of being made Presidential candidates for the sole reason that they had not ren-

dered themselves obnoxious to the South by any exhibition of an independent character. Without the aid of the South, no Democratic candidate ever could have been elected President; it was necessary, therefore, in making a nomination, to find some compromise candidate who had offended neither the North nor the South. The Democracy did possess a man of ability, who had, perhaps, the greatest genius for political leadership that any party ever had; but the South distrusted him; he was a Northern man, with Western principles, who was willing to rule the South, but would not consent to be ruled by it, and his rejection by the men who were too haughty to confess their inferiority to him rendered the election of Abraham Lincoln possible, and brought about the cataclysm which utterly destroyed slavery and Democracy at the South.

There never was anybody with sufficient character to have created, or even projected, the party which compelled the South to commit political suicide. To a superficial observer it might have seemed that there was once a Fremont Party; but the anti-Democratic Party merely took Fremont as a pretended leader, and called themselves by his name without even having in the slightest degree followed his direction, or cared anything about his principles, if he ever had any. When they were defeated, Fremont was suddenly dropped, and became more obscure than he was before his candidacy. The party which had used his name to serve their own purposes grew stronger when rid of him, and fortunately discovered a real leader in the person of Abraham Lincoln, whose remarkable genius imparted strength to the party that elected him, and has had a powerful influence in keeping the organization intact for twelve years after his death. This was more than Washington could do; and although Jackson could name his successor, he could not re-elect him for a second term.

Governor Seward flattered himself that he was the leader of the Republican Party, not only in this State, but in all the other States; and both he and his friends had so long held this opinion that they went to Chicago in 1860, feeling perfectly sure that his nomination could not be prevented; but their disappointment ought to have convinced them that he never was the leader of the Republican Party, but only its leading advocate. Mr. Seward, in truth, never was a Republican, as Webster never was a Whig; for one would not have consented to be the servant of Andrew Johnson, as the other was of John Tyler. They were politicians of great ability, and advocates that any party would gladly employ and reward, but they were not leaders, and neither of them could ever rally a party to his support, as Henry Clay did.

Our party leaders have been few, and fewer still have even been successful in gaining a victory for their followers. Calhoun was a great leader, and though his party won many victories by virtue of his precepts, he lacked the personal characteristics to secure a victory for himself outside of his native State, where he ruled supreme by the divine right of genius.

At the present time the country is absolutely without political leaders, and parties exist by the sheer force of traditional maxims and observances. Most of us are now Democrats or Republicans because we have been Democrats or Republicans, and not because we feel a noble devotion to the party, whatever it may be, that once commanded our support and affection by its distinct advocacy of principles which enlisted our sympathies; and while this state of things continues the party in power can easily keep itself in power by a very moderate degree of ability and patriotism. The recent gathering of prominent Democrats at the Manhattan Club in this city, on the occasion of a complimentary reception to Mr. Hendricks, who has gone to Europe on a Summer vacation tour, showed in a very decided manner the absence of any great principle or idea among Democrats on which a new party could be formed, or an old one rehabilitated.

The greatest men in the Democratic Party were present at the gathering, but not one of them in his speech did more than to urge upon the party the necessity of achieving success at the next Presidential contest because the Republicans had elected their candidate by fraud. But the people are incapable of nursing their wrath to keep it warm, and even admitting that President Hayes holds his office by improper means, the people will acquit him of any complicity in the fraud, and if his administration should prove as beneficial at the end as it has been at the commencement of his term, there will be no feeling of indignation at the fraud by which he obtained power. If the Democrats expect to gain possession of the National Administration they must at once place themselves before the people as the advocates of a positive policy which will secure the support of the majority. The Republicans have not much to boast of over the Democrats in the way of policy; but they have the great advantage of holding the offices, and

of professing principles which have maintained them in office for nearly twenty years. There is no chance for a new party, there are no great leaders on either side, and the political contest for the next four years will be conducted on traditions which are pretty evenly divided between the two political organizations.

### EUROPEAN EVENTS.

MOST notable among the European events of the week has been Prince Gortschakoff's reply to the now celebrated note of Lord Derby. It will be remembered that Lord Derby took occasion, in that note, to deny that Russia, in going to war for the alleged purpose of procuring good government for the Turkish Christians, was doing so with the approbation and in accordance with the sentiment of England, and plainly charged that her action was a violation of that stipulation in the treaty of Paris by which the Powers guaranteed the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The Russian response, while in the nature of an "answer that turneth away wrath," cannot be very soothing to English apprehensions. It does not even make those promises of which Russia is usually so lavish, and which she so jauntily violates when it suits her whim. The reply is a diplomatic device for at once keeping up a show of justification, and leaving Russia free to deal with the events of the war as she pleases. Its gist is, that Russia does not "intend" to hold Constantinople, or threaten the navigation of the Suez Canal; but Gortschakoff does not even take the trouble to make a promise to this effect, though he might do so, and break it as lightly as did the Czar his pledge some months ago.

Closely following this cunning document, Lords Salisbury and Derby have made speeches, which are all the more significant as coming so soon after it. Their song is peaceful; England will not go to war for "a theory and a dream," which means that the warlike party of the Cabinet has been overcome by the moderates, and that it has been determined that England will only take up arms at the very last extremity. We do not look, therefore, for an early participation in Eastern events by England, but rather for a very lively interchange of "notes" and "dispatches" between all the courts, as soon as Russia has crossed the Danube, won a brilliant victory or two, and taken up a position—let us say at Adrianople—favorable to treating to the advantage of her territorial and also pious ambition.

There is grave trouble at Constantinople. It seems as if everything within and without were conspiring to destroy the Empire of the Ottomans and the Amuraths. It is besieged on every side but one. Montenegro is giving Suleiman Pasha a task which, so far, proves too much for him. There are the Russians battering at it on two continents; Servia and Greece, full panoplied, stand waiting for the opportune moment to join in the fray; England and Austria stand coldly aloof, and Bismarck is provokingly reserved. And, with all this, the "young Turkey" party is more than uneasy at the capital, and threatens revolution every day. The Softas—who are the body of theological and law-students who are being educated in the monasteries at public expense—are clamorous for a change of commanders, the return of Midhat Pasha, and for the impeachment of the notorious and scheming Mahmoud Pasha, the Sultan's father-in-law; and though the Government has made some arrests of Softas, it hesitates to attack the body for fear of a general popular revolt.

The events of the war are meagre and unsensational enough. The Czar is with his army, yet the Danube still flows between the opposing armies. As to the Asian campaign, amid the conflict of accounts it is hard to say who has so far the advantage. Certain it is that nothing decisive has yet taken place. One fact seems, however, confirmed: the extent of the Circassian revolt against the Russians, and the probability that this revolt is a very serious obstacle and hindrance to the Grand Duke Michael. To be caught in the rear by a country full of rebellious subjects may be nothing short of absolute ruin to the Russian campaign in Asia, unless the Circassians are suppressed. On the other hand, Mukhtar Pasha has been wavering between panic and rashness, at one moment retreating and seeming about to abandon Erzeroum to the invader, at another giving signs of making a dash upon the Russians at Otl, hoping to paralyze their capacity to attack the great fortress which is the key of the Euphrates valley. The brave Montenegrins have so far won the chief laurels of the war by their splendid defense of the Duga Pass, and their historic valor is once more asserted against their hereditary foe.

In France, the natural results of President MacMahon's coup are taking place. The new Ministry is busily suppressing the liberties of the people. The Press is being gagged, free speech checked, public meetings prohibited, and prefects and mayors

appointed throughout France who will manipulate the elections, which will probably occur in the Autumn, favorably to the present powers and adversely to the Republic.

### CLERKSHIPS vs. HANDICRAFTS.

TO be a clerk is the ambition of many thousand youths throughout the country; to be a mechanic, is the aversion of a still greater number. Why this should be so is a question not easy to solve. The clerk notoriously receives very small wages, while the mechanic who is master of a good trade can obtain twice the pay; and yet the farmer's son thinks that it is better to go to the city and live in miserable lodgings, on a mere pittance, than to soil his hands with anything so ignoble as a trowel or a chisel. In the eyes of a mechanic, the sedentary person is necessarily a lazy one; to be sedentary is to be lazy, and brain-work does not count in comparison with the labors of one's hands. The two classes of persons have no very high opinion of each other. On the other hand, all writers strive to paint a charming picture of the independence of the artisan's life. He is confined to no country and no master. He can practice his profession wherever it pleases him, and in his freedom he is likened to the bird of the air, which can build its nest where the climate is mild, and can migrate with her brood when the cold blasts prove annoying. But not every one can become a skillful artisan. With some men the fingers are all thumbs, and no amount of cooking can make them nimble or skillful. With them, therefore, the trade of artisan has its insuperable difficulties. Many of this class take to the counter from necessity, and not from choice. The typical artisan only works with his hands, and is a most independent person; but the real artisan needs his brains quite as much as his hands, and is often a most dependent person. It requires the best kind of intellect to invent new patterns and devise new methods for producing artistic results, and thus the artisan approaches closely to the rank of an artist. Still, unless the artisan be unusually accomplished he is never put quite on a level with a clerk who wears broadcloth and fine linen.

There are certain handicrafts which entail hard work and disagreeable exposure, and it is natural that many persons should hesitate before adopting them. The bricklayer, for example, when engaged in putting up a high wall in a March wind, cannot be envied by any one, even if he does demand and receive rather high wages. The exposure must tell upon his health and strength, and the number of years he can engage in such an arduous occupation are comparatively few, so that he ought to earn all that he can while the day lasts. There are a good many other handicrafts where the weariness of the flesh must come in at an early period to take away the romance and infuse a serious reality into the business. On the other hand, let us look at the clerk. His wages are often less than those of day-laborers, but he lives in better quarters, has more comfortable rooms, and keeps up a certain air of superiority and refinement. The clerk, also, has better superiors. The merchant is apt to be refined, and it is customary to treat clerks like gentlemen; while the mechanic often has a rough and cruel master. There is great advantage in serving a kind and considerate superior, and the mechanic has too frequently to search long before he can find such a person. The refinements of surroundings no doubt often exert an influence in determining the choice of profession, and many philanthropists have worked hard to elevate the condition of the laboring classes to the same level as that of the clerk. The time may come when the mechanic may surround himself with the same evidences of refinement that many shopkeepers indulge in.

There is no reason in theory why one who works with soiled fingers may not use the necessary amount of soap and water and come out as unblemished as the clerk who only handles cambric and silk; but, for some reason, the hard-working, soiled-handed mechanic does not care to remove all vestiges of the shop, and is content with coarser surroundings than will satisfy the merchant in embryo. This is a great mistake on the part of the mechanic; it may be a pardonable one, but, nevertheless, it is a mistake, and one which he ought to hasten to rectify. Care of the person and neatness of surroundings help to cultivate refinement of manners and elevation of character. The fact that the artisan less frequently pays attention to these weightier matters of the case, is one reason why a serious question of caste has arisen and fixed itself firmly upon society. The kind of a girl who will marry a clerk will not marry a workman. It is the women in all grades, far more than men, who keep up the spirit of caste, and the lower their position in the scale the finer are the distinctions they draw. We have here the key to the whole situation. The women



have settled it, and it must be long before any change can take place in their arbitrary ruling. The sister of a poor clerk, who has hard work to keep the wolf from the door, will sooner marry another poor clerk than the best well-to-do mechanic. It is not money that she wants but rank, and having settled it that the clerk out-ranks the handicraft man, she prefers the former with poverty to the latter with riches. If we pass from the clerk to what is considered a higher rank in the social ladder, and take the case of the professional men, we shall see that the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, ranks higher, when the question of marriage is considered, than the clerk or merchant. In Europe this distinction is much more marked than in the United States. There the merchant and banker are not considered the equals of professional men. The printer and publisher of a book can only exceptionally consort with the authors. All of these lines are very arbitrary and often without reason, but still they exist because women more especially have adopted them and decline to accept of any compromise. There is nothing in being a clerk that elevates a man or in being a mechanic that lowers him, but the women have decreed that the former must rank higher than the latter, and the consequence is that the workshops are deserted and the magazines are crowded. The social reformers who wish to abolish this unreasonable doctrine of caste must appeal to the sex who have founded it if they desire to succeed; and they must have the co-operation of the handicraft men, whose duty it is to surround themselves with the same refinement and culture that obtains among clerks, and to show that the nobility of labor is not simply an empty phrase, but a most significant expression of the real worth and rank of the mechanic.

### THE LOST ARMS OF THE VENUS OF MILO.

THIS is certainly the age of discoveries. Not alone are we wringing from science her most hidden secrets, investigating earth's hitherto unknown lands, and by means of photography unrolling the physiognomy of the moon and the sun, but Greece and Cyprus must needs give up their buried treasures, while old Tiber is to be dredged and strained until she yields to modern curiosity and cupiditv the lost jewels of Imperial Rome. Hitherto it has been that losses seemed more frequent than discoveries, and whether it were of the ships which went down into the sea and returned no more for ever, or of the boy Charlie Ross, whose finding even the agonized prayers of his parents and the warm sympathy of a whole people were not able to compass, still, between characters, fortune, things of rare value—like the far-famed Tyrian dye, or the strayed books of Livy—we seem fated to see our best belongings go out from us, and vanish into perpetual oblivion without recourse. But, in these days, all of this is changed. Schliemann and Cesnola have awakened new echoes in the halls of buried cities, Homer lives again, and the Trojan siege is no longer a myth; and now, last of all, the lost arms of the celebrated Venus of Milo are brought to light, and this magnificent fragment advances one more step towards the perfection it presented when it left the hands of the wonderful artist who sculptured it. Informed by the recent communication from J. Meredith Reed, Jr., our Minister to Greece, that this discovery is an actual fact, some examination into the character and history of the statue in question would seem to be timely.

Milo, the ancient Melos, is an island of the Grecian Archipelago—a mountainous, volcanic, and generally barren spot, about sixty-five miles from Cape Malea, in the Morea. Here, beneath the earth where it had so long lain buried, was discovered in 1820 the Venus now known as "of Milo," the fortunate discoverer being Admiral Dumont. It was immediately purchased by M. de Rivière, then French Ambassador at Constantinople, by whom it was generously presented to the Louvre, in one of the apartments of which museum it still remains. A writer on this subject says: "After ascending the stairs of the peristyle and advancing a step along the gallery, we see at the end of the long vista, standing out against red drapery, a female figure, alone on its pedestal like a god in his cella, grand, severe, a flowing robe about the loins. It is much mutilated, very incomplete; both arms are gone, and one foot, which was evidently stretched forward. This damaged statue is the most precious relic of ancient art which Paris possesses." It is the Venus of Milo. Some have conceived it to be a sea-nymph, others a Nemesis, while the forty-three surnames of Venus have been ransacked to find for it one which should best express the intention suggested by its attitude and gesture. A bronze statuette was found at Pompeii at a later date than the discovery of the statue; and this, being conceded to have been a copy of it, seemed to dispose of the ques-

tions at issue by disclosing what the statue really was. By this it was seen that the original must have held a small mirror in her left hand, in which the goddess was viewing her own unrivaled beauty. What must set at rest the question of the authenticity of the arms said to have been recently found on the Island of Milo, within twenty-five feet of the former resting-place of the statue, is a statement made some years ago by Bayle St. John, which is to the following effect: Being a visitor at the Louvre and viewing the Venus de Milo, the director of the museum showed to him a piece of one of the absent arms, which was dug out of the same excavation in Milo at the same time, and given by M. de Rivière to the museum. This fragment is not commonly exhibited, and it was only by a special favor that Mr. St. John was permitted to inspect it. The piece could not be readjusted to the figure without what Mr. St. John called "intermediary sophistication," which we take to mean that it is not a portion immediately belonging to that still attached to the torso. The best description of the Venus—having in view the application of the discovery of the statuette just alluded to—is that of M. H. Lavoix, who says: "The Goddess maintains, by a movement of the thigh and hip, slightly raised, the drapery by which she is half veiled; from the origin of the shoulder the right arm curves outward, and the hand, by a graceful movement, is raised to the hair, to which it gives the last arrangement; the left arm descends, slightly pressing the bosom; but its fore part rises and holds a mirror; the body is bent slightly backward, the head is raised and the eyes are fixed on the object that attracts them." Meanwhile there have not been wanting detractors who denied the authenticity of the statue as an antique or as a single figure. M. Quatremère de Quincy believed it to form part of a group with Mars; while a Dutch antiquary pretended that it was only an incomplete copy of the Venus of Capua, which is in the Museum of Naples. The present discovery ought certainly to silence all these objections if it be genuine, and, in the interest of art, it is to be hoped that the newly found fragments may prove to be the veritable lost members of the Venus de Milo.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**A POSSIBLE COMPLICATION.**—The public mind is steadily on the alert to resent any indignity by foreign powers to our flag afloat. Some excitement has accordingly been occasioned by the following language of a Havana letter, dated June 9th: "There are rumors afloat of an American vessel having been searched by a Spanish man-of-war, and there is good authority for saying that such information has reached the Captain-General, but the particulars of the affair cannot be ascertained. It is said that telegrams sent by the Associated Press from New York, referring to the occurrence, for publication here, have been detained at the telegraph office in this city by order of the Government."

**SMALL BILLS.**—The business public will be interested to learn that the smaller denominations of greenbacks, such as one-dollar and two-dollar bills, which have lately been gradually disappearing from circulation, are to be resumed. Their issue was discontinued mainly to induce bankers and individuals to take and put in circulation silver coin. Silver is now going out of the Treasury so rapidly—about a \$1,000,000 a month—and the full greenback fund of \$10,000,000 authorized by law is so well assured, that the Treasurer will probably soon resume the shipment of ones and twos in moderate amounts. It is impossible, on account of the smallness of the appropriation, for transporting Government funds, to supply assistant treasurers with notes for exchange, and some of the local inconveniences arising from the lack of small notes must be laid to the comparatively small amount appropriated.

**THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.**—The Supreme Court at Washington has rendered a decision in an eight-hour-law case which seems to take the last vestige of life out of the Act. The statute provides that "eight hours shall constitute a day's work" for "all laborers, workmen and mechanics" employed by the United States. The Court decides that this is merely "a direction by Congress to the officers and agents of the United States, establishing the principle to be observed in the labor of those engaged in its service;" that it prescribes the length of time which, in the absence of a special agreement, is to constitute a day's work; that it does not fix the price to be paid for the labor; that it does not prevent the employer and laborer from agreeing with each other as to the length of time that shall constitute a day's work. The court even goes to the length of declaring the Act as in the nature of "a direction from a principal to his agent," "in which a third party has no interest." The opinion is based on a recognition of the fact that the value of labor is governed by demand and supply, and cannot be regulated by Act of Congress.

**WASTED CURRENCY.**—We mentioned recently the appointment by Secretary Sherman of a commission to estimate the amount of fractional currency destroyed in circulation, and which will consequently never be presented for redemption. The commission has reported a total of over \$8,000,000. This is about three millions less than estimated, and is arrived at by taking a lower percentage as the basis of calculation. The Secretary has asked the Attorney-General for an opinion whether silver, to the amount of the fractional currency estimated to have been destroyed, can be lawfully put out to take its place. The belief at the Treasury is that such substitution can be made. With the exception

of a few thousand dollars, the \$50,000,000 of silver coin which the Treasury was authorized to put in circulation has already been paid out. In addition to the \$50,000,000, the department, at the time the Bill allowing the issue of silver passed, had on hand \$4,020,000, which it paid out as currency. It seems to be expected that the Attorney-General will take notice of this, and decide that it must be deducted from the \$8,000,000 it is proposed to issue to replace fractional currency destroyed.

**PEREMPTORY ACTION.**—We have been on the verge of another complication with Peru. On June 12th the Secretary of State received a cable dispatch from Minister Gibbs, at Lima, announcing the release of the Pacific mail steamer *Georgia*. During the passage of this vessel through the Straits of Magellan she was wrecked, but through the exertions of the steamship company was raised and resumed her voyage northward. When in the vicinity of Callao she was compelled to put into that port by reason of a stress of weather, and while there, upon representations of the Chilean Government, she was seized by the Peruvian authorities. Immediately upon the announcement of the seizure, which was received June 4th, the Secretary of State, by cable via London, Lisbon, and Rio de Janeiro, to Lima, instructed Minister Gibbs to demand the immediate release of the vessel. Whether the steamer was detained for the violation of maritime laws of the Republic of Chile was, he said, a question to be settled by a suit or formal demand, and the Peruvian Government had no authority under the circumstances to detain an American vessel. The promptness with which this question was disposed of may be judged by the fact that the seizure took place at a point not less than eight thousand miles distant, and the vessel was released within eight days afterwards.

**THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.**—The yearly exhibition of the Academy of Design closed on the 2d inst., after a season of unexampled prosperity at the ticket-office, but of less striking success so far as the sales of pictures went. Many of the works exhibited belonged to private persons who had consented to lend them at the solicitation of the artists. Of the works of art submitted for sale by their authors, about sixty met with purchasers, obtaining in all a sum approximating fifteen thousand dollars, against eighteen thousand received on sales last year. Not a tenth of the works contributed were sold, and a majority of those remaining will be removed to Chicago for the exhibition to be opened there about the close of August. The Academy's visitors numbered sixty thousand, but such of these as were picture-buyers had been purchasing largely at the auctions, which have this season been of uncommon frequency and importance. The exhibition brought to light a class of works sent home by American art-students abroad such as were never seen in similar force and of equal quality before. The Academy, in pursuance of a special pledge to these non-members, displayed their contributions to the best advantage, withdrawing the works of Academicians for the purpose to less conspicuous positions—a system which naturally aroused some grumbling at home.

**THE DISCONCERTED RING.**—Much mysterious figuring has been in progress during the past fortnight between the members of the late New York Ring, anxious to compound for by-gone offenses by a small restitution to the city, and the State authorities, who seem determined to secure every practicable dollar for the treasury. The re-arrest of Tweed, and his evident willingness to secure his release from what bids fair to be a life imprisonment by giving evidence against his accomplices created great consternation in the ranks of the ex-conspirators. Some have fled the city, and others have come to the front to effect the best settlement they could on their own behalf. Tweed's "confession," which made so much excitement a few weeks ago, has not proved of as great value as was expected, and the District Attorney has returned it to the disappointed "Boss," with a refusal to take any steps leading to the latter's release. On June 14th, Mr. Tweed consented to allow the details of his statement to be published, and also notified his counsel of his intention to confess judgment in all the suits of the city, county and State, now pending against him. Mr. Tweed says that he has no property other than that included in his statement. He has not transferred any property since the \$6,000,000 suit was begun against him in 1875. He has paid over \$350,000 to lawyers, and his personal expenses have been very great. He says he never off red to prove the assertions in relation to the money paid for Albany legislation, because he was aware that if the matters came up in court his sole testimony would have been contradicted, and all might have been thrown out. He did agree, however, to testify against Peter B. Sweeny and other members of the Ring, and also in the trials of the pretended claims against the city. His offer was made, he insists, in good faith. He declared in his statement that he should hold himself in readiness to be called to the witness-stand whenever the Attorney-General or Corporation Counsel desired his testimony.

**RUSSIA ON NEUTRALITY.**—The United States Minister at St. Petersburg has forwarded to the State Department a copy of an Imperial ukase issued by the Czar of Russia, defining the commercial relations of neutral Powers with that country. The following is its substance: "The subjects of neutral States may continue their commercial intercourse with Russian ports and cities provided they observe the laws of the Empire and the principle of international law, and the military authorities shall take the necessary steps to secure the freedom of lawful neutral commerce so far as this is allowed by the condition of military operations. According to the terms of the Paris Declaration of April 4th and 16th, 1856, privateering is considered as abolished, and the delivery of letters of marque is interdicted. According to the same Declaration, the following rules are to be observed with regard to the commerce of neutrals. First—A neutral flag protects the merchandise of an enemy, with the exception of contraband of war. Second—Merchandise be-

longing to a neutral, with the exception of contraband, is not liable to seizure under the flag of an enemy. Third—Blockade, in order to be valid, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the ships of the enemy. These provisions of the Paris Declaration apply to all Powers, not excepting the United States and Spain, which have not as yet adhered to these declarations. All arms and munitions of war, and the materials for manufacturing ammunition, are considered contraband, and when found on board neutral vessels bound to the port of an enemy will be seized and confiscated, excepting such quantity as may be required by the vessel on board of which the seizure is effected. Neutrals are also prohibited from the following acts: The transportation of hostile troops, dispatches, and correspondence of the enemy, and the furnishing of vessels-of-war to the enemy. Neutral vessels in the act of carrying such contraband may be seized and even confiscated, according to circumstances."

**TEXAS BANDITS.**—A peculiar if not exactly a novel state of things appears to prevail on the public thoroughfares of Texas. A letter from the United States Marshal at Austin says: "This is the region of highwaymen in Texas. Stage and passenger robberies are of daily occurrence. Never has there been anything like it in the history of the United States. One man alone robbed the stage from Waco to Galesville full of passengers; then robbed the stage below Belton; then from McDade to Bastrop; then from Austin to Lockhart; then, the same day, from San Antonio to Austin; and, two days after the last-named robbery, was captured in Luling with the money on his person and the registered letters which he had not divested himself of. We have organized a Grand Jury for his special benefit, and he will be tried and convicted at once. Yesterday the stage from Cleburne, in Johnson County, to Fort Worth was robbed by two men, they getting but a small amount of money; yet six passengers will deliver up without offering the least resistance; and the worst of it is that these bold highwaymen are very much admired here. The sympathies of the people are to a very great extent with them. No sheriff ever makes an effort to arrest them. You cannot arouse the citizens to pursue them. Were such things to occur in the North the whole country would be aroused; but not so here."

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

**THE 123d annual commencement** of Columbia College, New York City, was held on the 13th.

**BALLOTING** took place in Georgia on the question of a Constitutional Convention, and at last reports the majority was in favor of having one.

**NEW YORK DEPARTMENT, G. A. R.,** held its annual meeting at Bath, Steuben County, and laid the corner-stone of the State Soldiers' Home.

**THROUGH** gross carelessness and negligence of train men, a railroad collision occurred near Point of Rocks, Md., on the 12th, by which four persons were killed and eighteen wounded.

**A DIPLOMATIC** change was made at Washington. Hon. John Kasson, who had accepted the Spanish Mission, was given that to Austria, while James Russell Lowell, the poet, accepted the post at Madrid.

**ON** the 13th a monument, costing \$10,000, was dedicated on the Odd-Fellows' plot, in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston. There was a large and brilliant demonstration by the lodges and encampments.

**ATTORNEY-GENERAL FAIRCHILD** returned the Tweed statement to John D. Townsend, who was requested by his client to immediately take steps to enable him to confess judgment in all suits against him.

**GOLD** remained quite quiet in New York last week, the prices being: Monday, 105 @ 104½; Tuesday, 104½ @ 105; Wednesday, 105 @ 105½; Thursday, 105½ @ 105; Friday, 105 @ 105½; Saturday, 105 @ 105½.

**A RECEPTION** was given to Governor Robinson in New York City on the 11th, and on the following evening the Manhattan Club entertained ex-Governors Tilden and Hendricks, Governor Robinson and Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer.

**THE** twentieth annual regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club took place on the 12th, when the *Comet*, *Arroe*, *Schemer* and *Susie S.* won prizes. On the 14th the New York Yacht Club sailed in its annual contest, and the *Wanderer*, *Comet* and *Vision* proved the winners.

**SECRETARY SHERMAN** entered into a contract with the Syndicate to sell the new Four Per Cent. Loan, the privilege of first subscriptions being given to Americans. The Secretary thinks that the issue of legal tender silver dollars in place of greenbacks would assist the resumption of gold. On the 11th he called in \$15,000,000 of the Five-Twenties for redemption.

#### Foreign.

**At** the annual races the Grand Prize of Paris was won by St. Cristophe.

**THE** International Fair Commission (United States and Canada) met in Halifax on the 15th.

**An** affray between German and French sailors occurred at Yokohama, Japan, apparently precipitated by the latter.

**SILVIO**, the winner of the Epsom Derby, won the Ascot Derby on the second day (13th) of the Ascot meeting, in England.

**A** BRILLIANT reception was given to ex-President Grant, in London, on the 15th, when the freedom of the city was presented to him, after the ancient form.

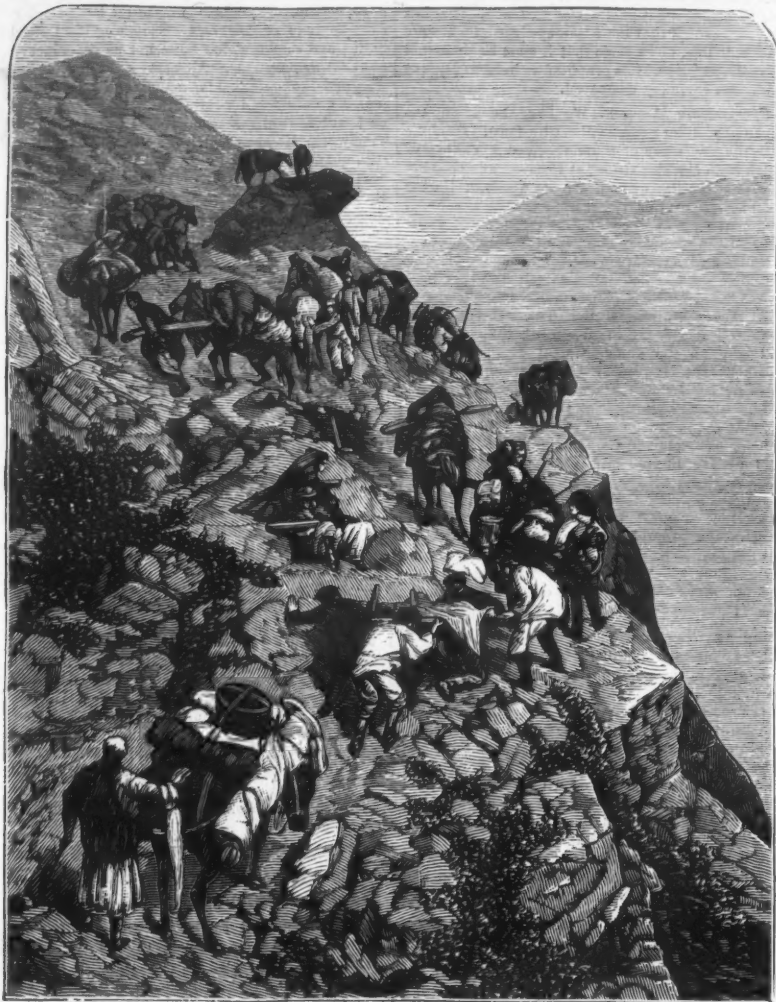
**NOTWITHSTANDING** the postal treaty into which Spain entered, the post-office authorities at Havana continue to charge an extra postage of twenty-five cents in gold upon letters pre-paid in the United States, which should be delivered free of cost.

**It** was reported that General Escobedo was rapidly forming a revolutionary legion in the interests of Lerdo, and that he would soon make a demonstration at Nueva Laredo, Mexico. Acapulco was captured by Lerdo's adherents, and bombarded by Diaz gunboats.

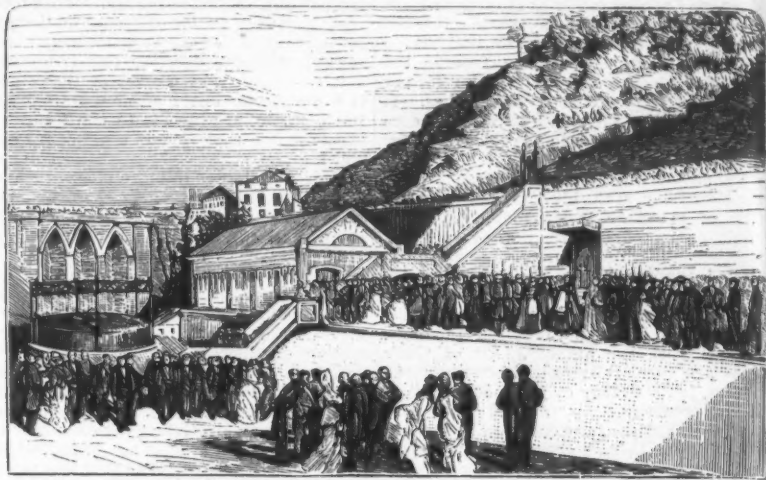
**MUKHTAR PASHA** was heavily reinforced at Zewin, fifty miles from Erzeroum, and the Russian centre was reported to have fallen back in the direction of Kars. The Turks repulsed, with heavy loss to the enemy, several attempts to capture Kars. Serbia is now prepared for war, and has a large army thoroughly organized. Montenegrin troops gained a number of victories over the Turks.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 287.



ASIA MINOR.—RUSSIAN IRREGULAR TROOPS ASCENDING THE CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS.



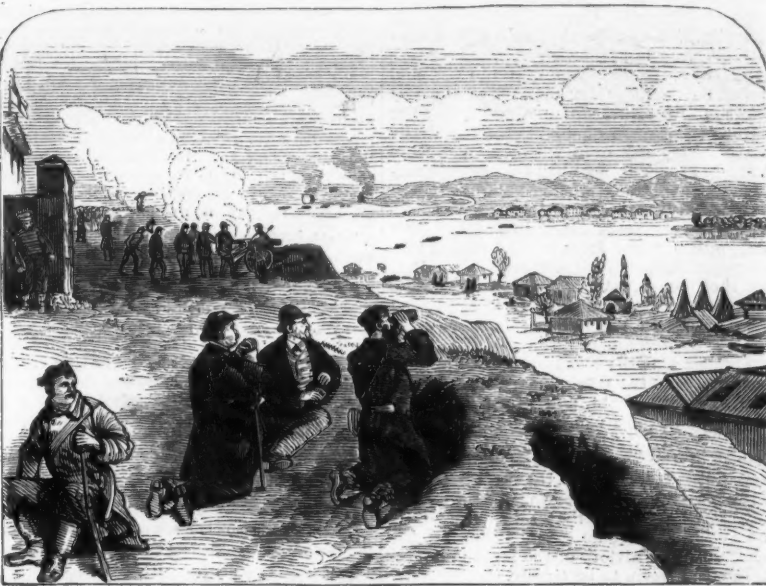
SPAIN.—INAUGURATION OF THE NEW GAS FACTORY AT ALCOY.



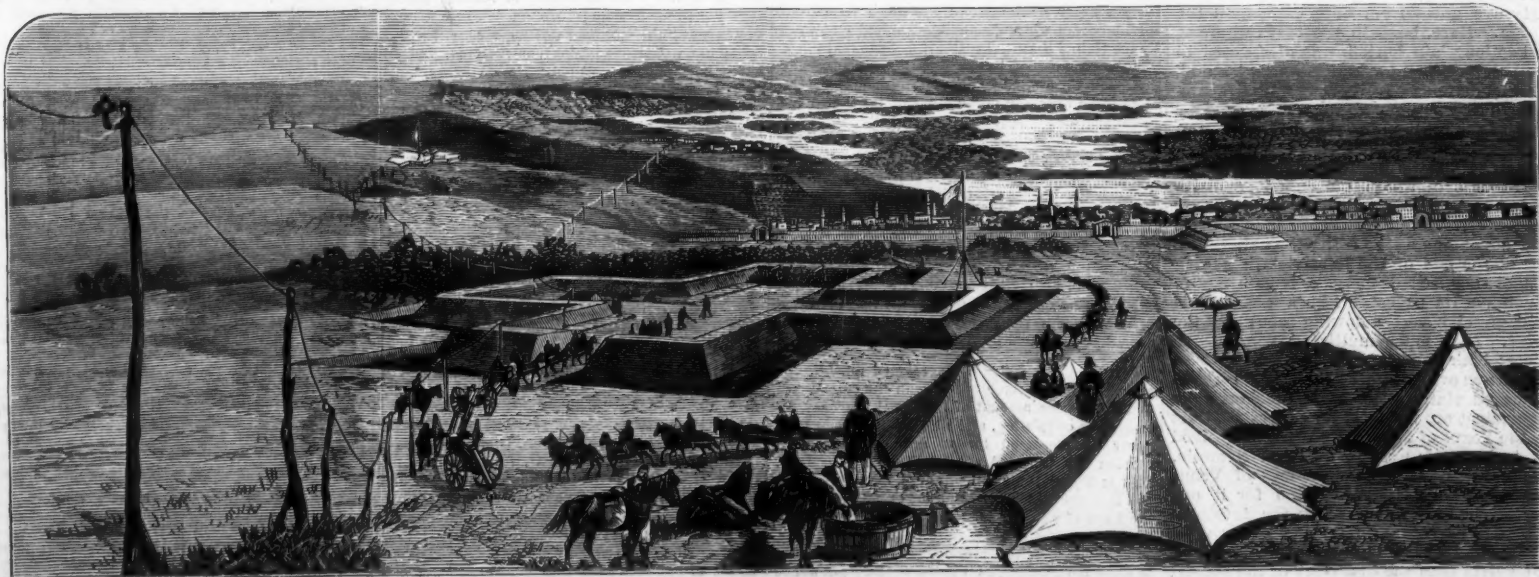
ENGLAND.—THE FISHERMEN'S CARNIVAL AT RAMSGATE.



RUSSIA.—FEMALE SURGEONS RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN HOSPITAL WORK.

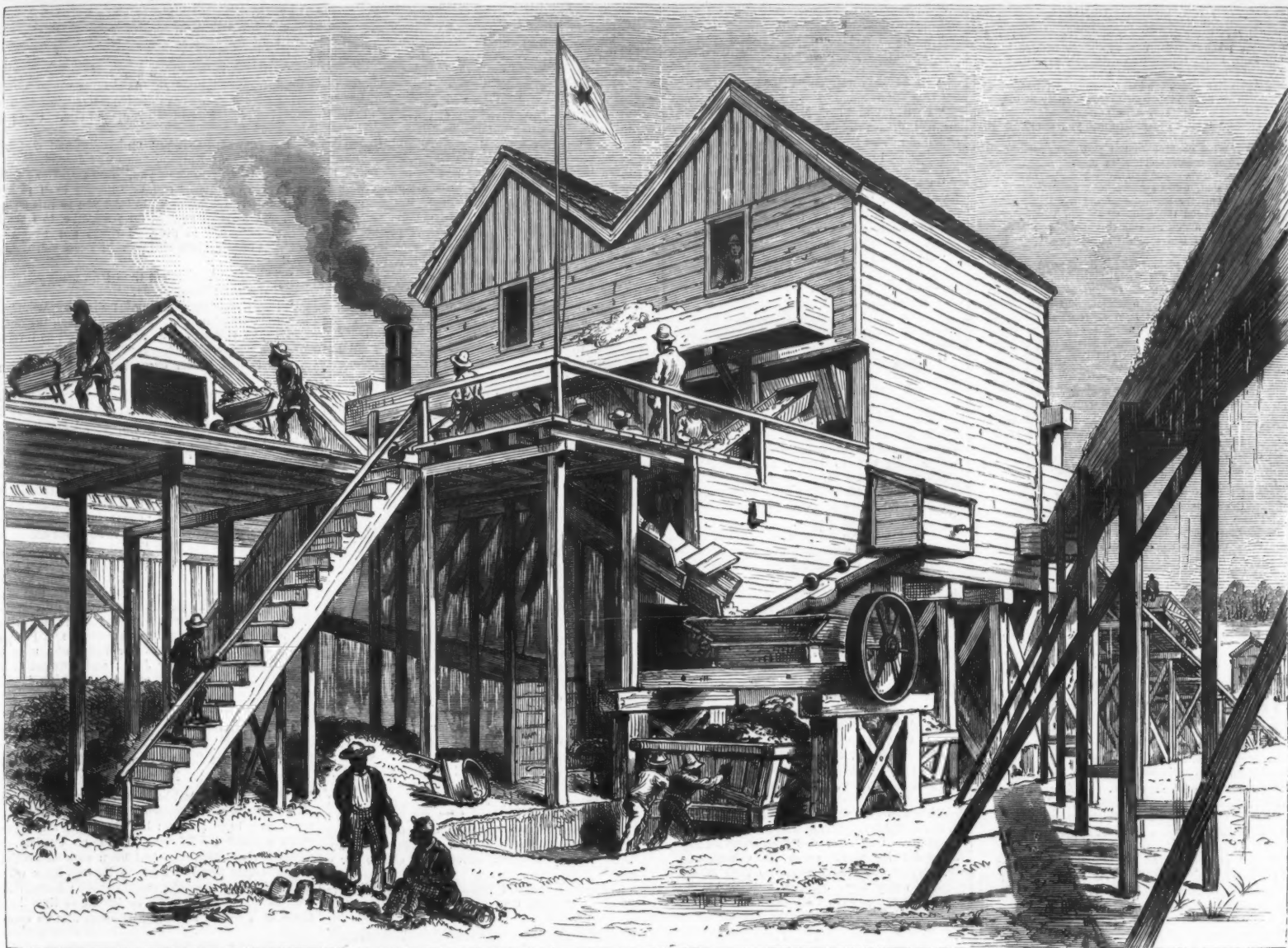


ROUMANIA.—COSSACKS CROSSING THE DANUBE, COVERED BY A RUSSIAN BATTERY.



BULGARIA.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF RUSTCHUK, ON THE DANUBE.





A WASHING-HOUSE FOR CLEANSING THE PHOSPHATE ROCK.



LABORERS WASHING THE PHOSPHATE ROCK.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE CHARLESTON PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE PREPARATION OF THE MATERIAL FOR MARKET.  
FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 266.



## MY MILLIONAIRE.

"AND so you have married an heiress—  
You, Tom, who at college avowed  
That of all things on earth, you detested  
Fine ladies, self-conscious and proud!  
Ah, well! I don't blame you, good fellow,  
The next one—who knows?—may be me,  
For 'tempora' still ends in 'mutatur,'  
And then, 'nos mutatur,' you see!"

Now, what could I do but make answer  
To such an assertion as this,  
When, looking askance from his glasses—  
An odd, quizzing way of his—  
My chum, for the sake of old friendship,  
Demanded the how, when and where,  
And then a description, verbatim,  
Of her I had called "millionaire."

To speak the plain truth, I'll acknowledge  
The word may have dropped from my pen  
When writing in haste to my class-mate,  
The news of our marriage—but then  
I'd never a thought he'd construe it  
In this way—the mischievous boy—  
"An heiress, self-conscious, proud, haughty"—  
Ah! little one, timid and coy.

What thought had "we two" of base lucre,  
Of bank-stock or wealth of the mine,  
When standing beneath God's blue heaven,  
Eye to eye, lip to lip, whispered "thine"?  
You, dearest, if riches are counted  
By measurements simple and true,  
Gold locks, ruby lips, heart's rare treasure,  
Ah, how can I give you your due?

And though, when we talk about money,  
Good fellow, I'm lost in the mist,  
Since all that I know of "bonanzas"  
Lies just in my brain and my wrist:  
Still, when you come down to the matter  
Of rare sterling wealth, I declare  
You were right, after all—I have married  
An heiress—a true millionaire!

## THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WHEN Earle arrived at the De Lacy's house next day at 11 o'clock by appointment, he was shown into the library, where he found Miss Stirling alone, busy at needlework. She looked so particularly feminine both in occupation and expression, that Earle fancied the soft gray homespun and crimson ribbon more becoming even than her evening attire. Both were slightly embarrassed as she rose and gave him her hand.

"Where is my sister?" Earle asked, retaining the slim hand in his a moment longer than necessary.

"Oh! you might as easily catch quicksilver as Mrs. De Lacy," said Silvia, smiling. "She is in and out fifty times an hour. I believe she went to get ready for you."

"Meantime, I want to ask you a favor," Earle said, busy with his apparatus. "I want you to be so very good as to let me have a sitting from you, too. I have a board on purpose."

"But how will you get time?" said Silvia, her color deepening.

"Oh, I shall have plenty, I fancy, while my legitimate sitter is running in and out. I will keep one beside the other on the easel."

"I do not wish it kept secret from her," said Silvia, with the proud honesty of her nature.

"Certainly not; but I want to have your face, if you will let me. I will copy it—for your mother, if I may. Will you give me permission?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, confusedly, "if you care."

"I do care," he said in a low voice; and at that moment the little lady darted in, the *tête-à-tête* was broken, and Earle, with a sigh, resigned himself to his unpalatable task.

He painted as steadily as the volatile nature of his model permitted, though it is not an easy thing to make a picture, worthy the name, of a once pretty, meaningless face that has lost the charm of youth without gaining the dignity of matronhood. But he was rewarded for his patience, for after a while Mrs. De Lacy was summoned to some *protégé*; and then, with a delightful sense of relief, he put the unsatisfactory labor on one side, and placed a clean canvas on the easel.

"Now, Miss Stirling, if you will be so kind, will you take that seat and reward me for the tedious hour I have passed?"

Silvia complied with his request quietly, without any affectation.

The artist became soon deeply absorbed in trying to produce a faithful likeness of the face before him. It was not only the shape of the features, but the expression of the whole, he wished to catch—as much as it could be caught upon canvas.

"I cannot get the mouth to my mind," said he, dreamily thinking aloud, as artists do. "What gives it at once that expression, sweet, arch, firm?"

"I am going home to-morrow," Silvia observed, with her eyes down.

"Going home! are you? And you said I might call; do you remember? Will you ask me again?"

"To be sure you may come; why not?" Miss Stirling answered.

"I will try and look forward to that, then, for I do feel dreadfully down in the mouth, I confess, at having come to the last of these pleasant hours—pleasant to me, I mean. I cannot hope you have found so much to enjoy in them."

"Oh yes," said Silvia, speaking with frank friendliness; "we have had a great deal of very interesting talk—when poor Mrs. De Lacy was out of the room," she added, with a mischievous smile.

"It is like you, and no other woman I ever knew, to say so!" he said, warmly. "I want to ask you—I know you will tell me exactly the truth—do you feel now as if I could be a friend of yours?"

"If you care to have a friend in a woman who acts constantly in opposition to your cherished ideas,"

"I have altered many of my ideas since I knew you," Earle said, gravely; "many, but not all. Still you are better, even when you are doing what I disapprove, than any woman I ever knew."

"I am glad you tell me the truth," said Silvia. "It is the best preparation for friendship. But tell me, what do you disapprove of in me?"

Her face was so gentle and winning as she spoke that he was on the point of saying: "Nothing in the whole world; only be just yourself;" but Mrs. De Lacy came in at that moment, and the words were not spoken.

Wilfred left the house feeling more depressed than there was any reason for.

"What have I made up my mind to do?" he thought. "I can no longer conceal from myself that I love this woman, who is almost the opposite of all I ever thought to love; and yet I feel a sort of dread in letting this lead me on. Shall we be happy together if she loves me? That is the question I cannot answer. I will wait to see her at home; and then, I suppose I must let the great river bear me to the main, and take my chance of happiness with the rest."

Mrs. Stirling and the three daughters—of whom her friend Silvia was the eldest—lived in a pleasant terrace about a mile from the De Lacy's. They were well to do, though not rich, and lived a happy, busy life, each having interests both separate and in common. They had many friends, and it was a pleasant, sociable house to visit at. Mrs. Stirling was still young in mind, and entered into all her daughters' pursuits and interests with active sympathy. One afternoon they were all together in the drawing-room—except the youngest daughter, Marian, who had a studio near where she painted every day—when a double knock was heard; by no means an uncommon sound, and yet somehow, lately, every knock seemed to startle Silvia, and bring rather a vivid color to her face.

The servant brought in a card inscribed "Mr. Earle;" and that gentleman followed, with an outward appearance of great coolness, but some inward trepidation.

"Mother," said Silvia, quietly, rising and giving him a cordial hand, "this is my friend, Mr. Earle, of whom I spoke."

"We are very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Earle," said Mrs. Stirling, in the same cordial, natural way, making room by the fire. "Silvia told us what a successful portrait you made of her."

Earle's glance round the room pleased his fastidious taste thoroughly. It was emphatically a lady's room, filled with pretty feminine things; and, without being in the least untidy, was evidently a room to be lived in and to have "good times," as Silvia's compatriots say. Mrs. Stirling, too, whose tall, elegant figure and frank manner were repeated in her daughter's, was a woman of marked refinement and culture. He found out this much in five minutes.

They had plenty to say to each other; the Stirlings seemed to read everything, and to have thought about most things; but there was nothing in the slightest degree pedantic or "blue-stocking" in their talk. So the chat went on merrily—for Wilfred, too, was a man who could think—but without much help from Silvia, who was unusually silent. Tea was brought in presently; and as she took her place at the tray, Earle found his eyes constantly straying that way and watching her pretty, graceful movements. The mother's keen eyes soon discovered the secret, and she turned her head to conceal an amused smile.

"I was nearly forgetting one of the objects of my call," said the artist, after paying an unconsciously long visit. "I brought a copy of Miss Stirling's portrait to offer for your acceptance. Shall I fetch it? I left it in the hall."

The picture was brought in; and Mrs. Stirling regarded it with exceeding interest.

"It is indeed beautifully done—beautifully!" she said. "How Marian will enjoy it! It is only much too good for me. You have idealized my Silvia, Mr. Earle."

"Yes; it is shamefully flattered," said Silvia. "I don't think so at all!" Earle cried, eagerly. "I am sure it is not in the very least! One tries always, of course, to catch the best expression, the happiest moment."

"Well, you must have caught it at a very happy moment," said Mrs. Stirling; and then she was vexed with herself, for she saw that her daughter was vexed. To change the subject, she observed: "Silvia is going to another Suffrage Meeting on Monday, in —"

This did very effectually change the subject. Earle felt a revulsion of feeling that was painful to a degree. "Indeed," he responded, coldly. "Will you be at home on Sunday?"

This question, uttered under a sudden impulse, took them all by surprise. He addressed the question directly to Silvia, whose confusion made her stammer out some half-formed words; but Wilfred was quite calm and master of the situation. "I was going to ask—if Mrs. Stirling allows Sunday visitors—if I might call on that day. I particularly want to see you before you go to —. May I come on Sunday afternoon?"

Silvia had never before felt so utterly at a loss

for a reply; but her mother came to the rescue with some polite words; and the artist almost immediately took leave.

"Well, my darling," said the mother, breaking the pause his departure left. "What do you think of all this?"

"Mother," said Silvia, with gentle decision, "I want to ask you, to please me, not to allude to this again till after Sunday."

On Sunday afternoon—a dull, cold, foggy day enough—Wilfred found his way again to Eaglemore Gardens. His mind was made up; and his handsome face looked a little set and stern as he paused at the door and asked quietly this time for Miss Stirling. The American custom seemed to him at that moment to be a most respectable one. What an amount of management and finessing it saved, for of course every one knew it was Silvia, and Silvia only, he wanted to see.

He was shown into a small study; and in a few moments heard a dress rustle down the stair and rather a timid touch on the door-handle. As Silvia came in, Earle's face, by the dull light, looked to her hard and strange, which did not tend to quiet her nerves. She was very pale, and there was an appealing wistfulness in her eyes as she lifted them to his which went straight to his heart; but he gave no sign. He took her hand, pressed it, and gently placed her in an armchair, while he remained standing by the mantel-piece with his head down. Neither had yet spoken; both felt they were touching upon a period of their lives with which common forms had nothing to do. Silvia heard her heart thump, and the clock tick, with painful distinctness; she seemed all ear. All around seemed oppressive silence. At last Earle broke the silence; his voice had a deeper tone in it than usual, a resolutely suppressed passion vibrated in it.

"Silvia," he said, "I am going to speak the very truth to you—as one speaks not often in one's life—you have taken possession of me—against my will almost—I love you as I never loved woman before—I scarcely know myself how deeply. Speak the truth to me as I have done to you. Whether you love me or love me not, I shall never offer to any living woman what I offer to you, for mine is no boy's love. Speak to me, Silvia."

"I will tell you nothing but the truth," she said, forcing her voice to be steady. "I do return your love, I believe I do—though I hardly seem to have shaped it out to myself yet—but—"

"Yes; there is a 'but'—I know it. What is your doubt, Silvia? Do not I care for you enough?"

"I believe you do," she answered, softly. "I believe you must love me very much, because I know it is against your own judgment. But my doubt is—shall we be happy? I know I am not the woman you would deliberately choose for a wife."

Earle half laughed, though he was terribly in earnest. "What man in love ever 'deliberately' chose a woman for his wife?"

"But should I, could I indeed make you happy?" she said.

"Yes, darling," he answered, melting into tenderness, and sinking by her chair. "If you can love me enough to make some sacrifices for me."

"I should never hesitate to sacrifice anything but duty to one I love," she said, as he drew her to him.

"Ah, but people have their mistaken ideas of duty, often! I want you now, this minute, to give up something I believe you think your duty."

"What is that?" she asked, drawing away from him.

"I cannot bear to have the woman I love standing up in public to speak before a crowd of vulgar strangers," he cried, almost fiercely. "If you love me, Silvia, give this up for me!"

"You mean on future occasions, after we are—"

"No; I mean now, to-morrow; give up this meeting for me to-morrow!"

"Impossible! I cannot! They are reckoning upon me, and I have promised—"

"You could easily excuse yourself."

"I will make no false excuses!" cried Silvia, with warmth. "I admit my love for you—but I will never bind myself to what you may choose to demand. If we married, you might trust me to consider your wishes before my own, before everything but conscience; but I will not give way to this exaction—now. I cannot break my promise, and do what I feel to be wrong and cowardly; no, not to be the happiest woman upon earth! And do you think a marriage begun like that would be a happy one? No, no; better be sorry now than then!"

He got up and stood apart from her, gloomily.

"Then you will not? A woman like you is too advanced for the dear old traditions of love?"

"I will never marry a man who is ashamed of what his wife has done," answered Silvia, very low, but calmly.

"My old prejudice was a just one, after all," said he, with a sigh. "Good-by."

"Need we part so bitterly?" she said, tremulously. "May we not even be friends again?"

"Friends? It is the ideal folly of friendship when one's heart is on fire with love! I could more easily hate you, Silvia, than only be your friend! Good-by! God bless you, though you have tortured me! God bless you, Silvia!"

In another instant the front-door closed, and Silvia Stirling was alone with a breaking heart.

True to her word, she determined on going to the next day. She was looking and feeling wretchedly ill, but she would not give it up, and only stipulated that none but a maid should go with her to the station. It was Silvia's way to suffer in silence and alone. She took her ticket, and sank into a corner of an empty carriage with a heart aching to positive physical pain. To her annoyance a gentleman followed her in, and the train moved out of the station. She raised her listless, mournful eyes, and saw—Wilfred! She turned so white that he threw himself beside her, and in an instant had his arm about her.

"Why, why have you come?" she murmured, with dry, trembling lips. "Cruel of you to torture me again!"

"My darling, it is not now to torture you that I have come—only for this—I can't live without you. I thought I could, but I can't. I have been

so vexed with myself ever since we parted. Do you think you can forgive me, my sweet, and trust me with yourself, after all?"

"Then you will let me—let me—"

"Let you be your own dear self? Yes, Silvia; I ask for nothing better. As long as we know and trust each other, what does it matter what all the world says? I will trust you, dear one. Can you trust me?"

For answer, Silvia put up her lips and met his in a first kiss. Nothing more was needed.

"I am going to show you," he said, after a delicious pause, "that I can be superior even to my prejudices. I have come to take you to this meeting, and to steel myself, for your sake, to what I dislike as much as ever. I could not bear the thought of you alone and sad. I knew you would be."

"This shall be the last time I do what you dislike," she murmured, softly.

"Don't promise anything," he interrupted. "I leave you absolutely free. We will work together and be, as you said, true friends as well as lovers. Are you happy now?"

The honest, tender eyes answered the question for her.

Some months after, Mr. Roberts received the following note from his old friend, Wilfred Earle:

"DEAR JACK—I want you to come and dine with Benedict the married man next Tuesday, and see how happy his 'strong-minded woman' makes him. You were right, old fellow! The clever women do make the best wives, after all. That was a blessed day for me that I went, under protest, to hear my Silvia 'sput in public.' The spouting days are over now; but I am not ashamed of anything she has done or said. You may laugh at my inconsistency as much as you like; I can afford to laugh, too, as I have won something worth winning. Come and judge for yourself, and see your old friend in Elysium, and then go and do the same thing yourself. I can tell you, my wife knows how to welcome my friends; and I hope you will think she makes her house and mine a pleasant one. Au revoir, Jack; and, between ourselves, she does not at all object to smoking."

## INDUSTRIES OF THE SOUTH.

CONVERSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATES INTO FERTILIZERS.

THE extensive marl-beds of the South Carolina lowlands, all comparatively near Charleston, have long been known; but they were first especially noticed by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, a noted agriculturist, who had been very successful in renovating worn-out lands in his own State with marl. He examined the South Carolina marls, and found them much richer in carbonate of lime than those of Virginia, but the carbonate was so combined and mineralized by siliceous oxide of iron, phosphate of lime, and other substances, as to necessitate a chemical change by burning before it could be applied to agricultural purposes.

Among these marl deposits, which abound in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, are found hard nodular bodies of all sizes, varying from that of a pin's head to masses weighing hundreds of pounds. These nodules are now known as phosphate rock, and have been described as "incalculable heaps of animal remains thrown or washed together." Beautiful specimens of ribs, vertebrae and teeth of land and sea monsters of the early tertiary period are found in profusion at a little distance below the surface, and are readily dug up with pick and shovel. The negroes are said even to dive for them to the river-beds, and to bring up large quantities.

Continuing the illustrations began in our last issue, we now present views of the building in which the washing of the phosphates is carried on, and the method of cleansing them for the market. These sketches, together with the statistics of the industry published last week, will enable the reader to obtain a comprehensive idea of this valuable business.

## DEMOCRATIC RECEPTION

BY THE MANHATTAN CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Manhattan Club, of New York, gave a reception, on the evening of Tuesday, June 12th, to ex-Governors Tilden and Hendricks, Governor Robinson and Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, in the Club building, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street. A monogram in gas-jets, calcium-lights, Chinese lanterns, and a bountiful display of bunting, gave the exterior of the building a festive appearance, while within there was a pleasing variety of decorations.

By nine o'clock the halls and corridors and both the upper and lower reception-rooms were crowded. Governor Robinson, accompanied by Colonel D. C. Robinson, Comptroller Olcott and Colonel Tappan, was the first of the guests to arrive. He was escorted into the club-house by Mr. Henry L. Clinton, and at once took up his position in the reception-room, on the second floor. Next came Mr. Hendricks, who was received at the door by many members of the Committee of Arrangements, among whom were Aaron J. Vanderpoel, John T. Agnew, John T. Hoffman, John G. Davis, Douglass Taylor, L. Watts Bangs, Edward L. Gaul, Henry W. Allen, F. R. Coudert, Augustus Schell, Samuel S. Cox and Richard Lathers. When Mr. Tilden entered, leaning upon the arm of Augustus Schell, there were loud rounds of applause.

About a quarter before 10, Mr. A. J. Vanderpoel stepped forward, followed by a group in which Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks were the central figures, and extended a formal welcome to the guests.

The first speech of the evening was by Mr. Tilden, and at its close Mr. Hendricks addressed the gathering, and was followed by Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer.

After the meeting in the parlors had ended, and while the guests were partaking of a collation, a serenade was tendered the guests. When the band had finished playing, there were loud calls from the crowd on Fifth Avenue for Tilden and Hendricks. Mr. Tilden appeared on the steps of the club-house, followed by Mr. Hendricks, and the cheering was so long sustained that the gentlemen were kept in waiting many minutes. Both Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks said a few words to the throng, and were frequently interrupted by cheers. The enthusiasm reached its climax when a gentleman jumped upon the iron railing in front of Governor Hendricks, as



that gentleman finished his remarks, and called for three old-time cheers for Tilden and Hendricks. These were given with a will, and after a speech from Lieutenant-Governor Doraheimer the crowd slowly dispersed.

Subsequently Mrs. Hendricks was serenaded at her hotel.

A formal reception was given to Governor Robinson, as the Chief Executive of the State, on Monday evening, in Union Square, which was made the occasion of an enthusiastic torchlight procession.

## THE NEW YORK STATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

### LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

THE corner-stone of the New York State Home for Aged and Disabled Soldiers, located at Bath, Steuben County, was laid on Wednesday, June 13th, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Home is situated in a beautiful valley about a mile and a half from the village. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of beautiful wooded hills, and the Conchocton River, which runs through the centre of the valley, is an attractive feature of the scene.

On arriving on the grounds the early visitors spent their time in examining the buildings, which are finished to the top of the stone foundation-walls. Over the central building, which is to be used for a dining-hall and office, a canopy was spread and handsomely decorated with flags. A large platform for the speakers was erected at the northwest corner, where the stone lies. The procession, which consisted of detachments of militia from the neighborhood, Posts of the Grand Army, and delegates to the encampment—left the village at three o'clock P. M., and proceeded to the ground. It was a difficult matter to get the crowd in order, but when comparative quiet had been obtained, Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, the presiding officer, addressed the assemblage.

He was followed by Henry Ward Beecher, the orator of the occasion, and at the close of his remarks, James Tanner, Commander of the New York Department, G. A. R., laid the corner-stone. In a recess were placed copies of the leading New York, Brooklyn and Steuben County papers; specimens of United States coins and bills; the proceedings of the National Encampment of the Grand Army from 1866 to 1876; Centennial medals; the names of the Board of Trustees of the Home, and of the officers of the Grand Army, Department of New York; and several other articles. At the close of Commander Tanner's labors, Rev. Henry Hyland Garnett pronounced the benediction, and the assemblage dispersed.

The sum of \$40,000 is yet needed to complete the Home.

## LIFE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.

### "THE TREACHEROUS MEMORY."

THROUGH the media of the pen and pencil, in illustrating the numberless phases of life in the great metropolis, we have from time to time displayed representatives of every clime in their domestic, social and mercantile surroundings. In contrast with scenes in large theatres, where tragedy or comedy draws thousands of our citizens nightly, we have taken our readers down the rickety stairs that lead to that singular rendezvous of the bootblack, the newboy and the young tramp, known as the Grand Duke's Theatre, and given in detail a glimpse of the delectable performances there produced. And now, as a contrast of equal strength with the last, taking any of our many engravings of spectacles in the Academy of Music during the operatic season for the comparison, we present a view in a west-side theatre, managed and supported by our colored population alone.

The talent is all on the stage. An audience of considerable, if not just, appreciation is in readiness to applaud the creditable and trown upon the incompetent renderings. The piece has proceeded evenly up to the moment of illustration. At the most critical season, when the spectators are awaiting a sturdy denouement, the hero has dropped his cue, forgotten his line, and is being quietly "devoured with rage." In vain the prompter first whispers, then shouts, the catch-words; in vain do the performer's admirers wink encouragingly upon him; in vain does he wrestle with the Muse, now more hickie than ought else on earth. The embarrassment spreads to the audience; self-possession will not return at command, and frenzy sits enthroned upon his burning brain. In this supreme moment disappointment melts into pity. Perspiration sparkles upon the hero's brow; a draft hovers about his spine. The floor has no hole large enough to permit a sudden disappearance. Hecuba is nothing to him, and he is mighty little to Hecuba or anybody else.

The engraving is neither forced nor unreal. It would be difficult to indicate with greater skill the *tout ensemble* of the unfortunate break. A rally may ensue, and a successful peroration be attained, but they will be at the expense of an ignominious discomfiture.

### Female Art Students in Rome.

For young men, dangers and risks exist in a residence in Rome, no doubt; but for young women, who take their late in their hands, and who go to find inspiration among the beautiful works of art which Rome abounds, there are difficulties of a kind still greater. The poetic kind of life which is led by the women artists in Hawthorne's "Transfiguration" has a harder side when it comes to be really lived. As has been well said, there are a number of young and inexperienced female students "who yearly go to Rome, both from England and America, and who, from want of home comfort and protection, encounter difficulties and privations, and run risks of many kinds, from which, were they known, their friends would strive, at any cost, to shield them." It is proposed to open what is called a "school of art," in which young women going as art students to Rome can be received and can pursue their studies. A "home for art students" perhaps describes the project more accurately. A number of ladies and of artists, who know how imperatively such a home is needed, have decided on a plan for opening "a house in which art students may board on economical terms; in which arrangements will be made for evening classes without the necessity of going out for them; and also, as soon as practicable, for a library and lectures, and where, with rules as few and simple as possible, such general supervision will be exercised as affords protection without becoming a yoke." A house has been found in Rome which appears

suitable for this purpose, and a lady who has taken much interest in the promotion of the scheme has offered to give her personal services for a time to direct the establishment, so as to start it thoroughly. Of course money is wanted. The lease of the house must be taken, and it is necessary that a sum should be raised to enable this to be done without risk of serious pecuniary loss to the promoters of the scheme. It is intended to make the establishment self-supporting; indeed, the independent nature of the young artists who will be the inmates demands that no air of almsgiving shall hang about their home. But there are heavy expenses to incur at the outset, not only with regard to securing the lease of the house, but also as to furnishing the rooms and starting the undertaking. The number of candidates who have already applied for admission to this Home of Art is so considerable that there is a fair promise of success so soon as the plans become known. In the meantime the public is appealed to to give the help needed for the first start. This public will include all who love art, and who are desirous to help women in their pursuit of it; and also all who wish that, in the following of the art that they so much love, women should not be driven into that Bohemian life which, however pleasant in itself, is scarcely what American parents would desire for their carefully reared daughters. Only those who have already attained some proficiency in drawing and wish to intend to devote themselves seriously to the study of art will be admitted as inmates of the school. The British Consul at Rome is the treasurer of this new undertaking.

### The Flag of the Prophet.

WHAT is the Flag of the Prophet, around which the turbaned "Faithful" are called upon to rally? The best authorities state that it was originally of a white color, and was composed of the turban of the Korish captured by Mohammed. A black flag, was, however, soon substituted in its place, consisting of the curtain that had hung before the door of Ayesha, the favorite wife of the Prophet, whose affection for her was so strong that he was wont to say that she would be the first of his wives to whom the gates of Paradise would be open. The Sanjak-Sherif is regarded by the Mohammedans as their most sacred relic. It came into the possession of the followers of Omar, the second Caliph of the Moslems, and generally regarded as founder of the Mohammedan power, as from a mere sect he raised it to the rank of a conquering nation, and left to his successor an empire greater than that which Alexander of Macedon had made and ruled in the olden time. It was this Omar who assumed the title of "Commander of the Faithful" (*Emir-ul-mumenuin*), by which, as the readers of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" will no doubt remember, the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, who was contemporary with Charlemagne, was always addressed. The Flag of the Prophet passed from the followers of Omar at Damascus into the hands of the conquering Abbasides in the middle of the eighth century; next into those of the Caliphs of Bagdad and Kahira. It was brought into Europe towards the close of the sixteenth century by Sultan Amurath III., with whom Queen Elizabeth made a treaty of commerce in 1579. It was deposited in Constantinople, where, covered with forty-two wrappings of silk, it was kept in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is perpetually guarded by several Eunuks with constant prayers. It is known, however, that the banner unfolded by the Moslems at the beginning of a war and likewise carefully preserved is not the same which Mohammed had made out of the white turban of the Korish. The Moslems believe that it is, and will fight bravely under it.

### How to Prepare Botanical Specimens.

AMATEUR botanists who propose roaming about the fields and forests this Summer in quest of specimens for their herbaria will be interested in the following extract from the *English Mechanic*, giving directions for the preservation of the plants: "Small plants should have the roots; and, if possible, obtain a specimen of each at different seasons—the young plant, in flower, and when the seed or fruit is nearly ripe. Get a quire of good thick blotting-paper and a couple of large boards, and paper on which to mount your specimens. Let the boards be about the same size as the blotting-paper. Demy paper of good quality is the best size for mounting. Arrange your plants between the sheets of blotting-paper—some plants require several thicknesses—and see that the leaves, etc., are properly disposed on the paper, as you will not be able to alter them when they are dry. It is a good plan to interpose a few sheets of cardboard, as it prevents one plant from spoiling another. When your drying paper is filled, put the whole between your boards and subject to pressure; take them out every twenty-four hours, and dry the paper, correcting any displacements as you go on; when dry they are ready for mounting. Don't gum or paste them to the paper, but make short slits with a penknife under the stalks about one-eighth inch long. Take a piece of paper as broad as the slit is long, fold the paper, and pass it over the stalk and through the hole at the back, and gum the ends on the back. I have seen every (I think) method of mounting, and this is certainly the neatest and cleanest. After this they must be painted with the following preservative solution: Corrosive sublimate, twenty grains; camphor, twenty grains; rectified spirits of wine, one ounce. This is a deadly poison, and should be handled very cautiously. Each sheet should have a neat label in the corner stating date, place of collection, and name of collector, also general habitat, specific and generic names, with natural order, etc. Without these particulars they will (as a collection) be perfectly valueless."

### Old Pompeii's "Dives."

A WINE-SHOP was lately found at Pompeii roughly ornamented with imitations of marbles and frescoes. Over the podium of the front room runs a band of stucco, with four groups of scenes painted on a white ground. The first on the left represents a young man kissing a woman dressed in yellow garments, with black shoes. She says, "Nolo cum Myrta." ("I don't want to be kissed; go to your Myrtalis.") The second scene represents, very likely, the same woman talking to Myrtalis, who says, "Non mia est." They both point their fingers at a third female, bringing in a wine-jar and a glass. She says, "Qui vol symat, oecene. veni. bibe." an invitation to partake of the drink. The third scene represents two gamblers seated, having the chess-board on their knees, on which several latrunculi are seen disposed in rows of different colors, yellow,

black, white. The one on the left is just throwing the dice, and says, "Erd." ("I won.") The other answers, pointing to the dice, "Non tria, days est." ("You have got two, not three.") Both fight in the fourth scene. One says, "Non ita me, tria. ego. fva." ("I did not throw two, but three; I have won.") The other answers, "Orte fellator ego fvi." ("You —! I have the game.") At this moment the shopkeeper comes in, and pushing them outside, says, "Ius, foras, rixestis." ("Go out to quarrel.")

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Cossacks Crossing the Caucasian Mountains.

The central chain of the Caucasian Mountains, stretching from the northwest to the southeast for about seven hundred miles between the Black Sea and the Caspian, forms a boundary between Europe and Asia. The Russian force designed to operate against Kara and other points in Asia Minor have been compelled to cross this range, and the apparent slowness of their movements is at once explained when one reflects upon the formidable obstacle they are thus forced to surmount at the threshold of their undertaking. One of our foreign pictures gives a vivid sketch of the severity of a forced march in this region, as well as of the peril that attends it. In order to pass from Aradaban towards Erzerum, the troops have been compelled to confine themselves to two narrow tracks which traverse the edges of almost unfathomable precipices, and across which it is almost a physical impossibility to transport artillery. The native farmers, when transporting produce along these perilous paths, are often compelled to transfer the burdens from the backs of their animals to their own shoulders. Another war sketch represents a detachment of Cossacks crossing the Danube, on May 6th, near Braila, under the protecting fire of Russian batteries, in order to destroy some Turkish outposts at Ghuzi, at the entrance to the Matchin Canal.

### The New Gas Works at Alcoy, Spain.

The inhabitants of Spain are availing themselves of the uneventful interval of peace which they are enjoying to promote the general interests of their sunny land. That one of the most significant features of this progressive tendency should be so commonplace an affair as the inauguration of a new gas-factory in an important city affords an unmistakable indication of the general backwardness which must have previously prevailed. The event, however, created great excitement in the kingdom, and formed the theme for universal journalistic gratulation. The works in question are the large city of Alcoy, and were inaugurated on April 21st of this year. They consist of six elegant buildings. In our picture is represented a pavilion, the gasometer and the altar, at which a priest presided to invoke a blessing on the new enterprise and to light the first jet. Upwards of 20,000 persons were in attendance; and at a banquet in the evening, at which one hundred and twenty leading citizens were entertained, a toast to "The Peaceful King, Don Alfonso XII.," was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

### The Fishermen's Carnival at Ramsgate.

Whit-Monday in Ramsgate, England, is regarded yearly by the fishermen as affording a grand opportunity for a holiday, and they enter into it with great zeal. All the snacks that are in harbor are gayly decorated for the occasion, while the crews, resplendent in holiday attire, accompanied by their wives and sweethearts, promenade the streets singing and otherwise making merry; while not a few disport themselves in the pony-carriages which seem indigenous to the place. It seems a curious fact that the height of ambition of "Jack ashore" is either to ride on horseback or else in a conveyance of some kind; and so long as he has the necessary money in his pocket, so long will he disdain to walk, no matter how short the distance. But all things have an ending, and as evening draws on the crowds that throng the streets become denser! From the public-houses we hear the sound of laughter and singing, which, as the night advances, becomes more discordant, until the time for turning out is reached, when the belated holiday-makers journeying homewards are joined by the few roysters that remain, and the streets are gradually left to the care of the solitary policeman, whose footfalls echo along the deserted streets like the ghosts of departed joys.

### Training Female Surgeons at St. Petersburg.

It was not until 1867 that a Russian representative was sent to the Convention of the Red Cross Society, at Paris, but now, ten years after, the whole of the nation takes part in the humane work. In the highest ranks ladies give their name, influence, time and money, while the poor at peasants bring their few kopecks to the boxes of the Society. Thus the capital has subscribed a million and a half roubles to the good cause, and warlike Moscow a million, while provinces and villages vie with each other in their efforts to assist in succoring their suffering countrymen. In many circles also much time and trouble are devoted to studying nursing and the dressing of wounds, etc. More than three hundred girls and women have already been selected as nurses at St. Petersburg by the Society. They first attended theoretical lectures, and then were sent to the Military Hospital, Semenov Alexander, where Dr. Heyfelder gave them practical instruction before their departure for the front. There, as our illustration represents, they were taught the various operations and modes of dressing and bandaging wounds. The ladies proved apt pupils, and although the confined limits of the hospital, which contains only about 300 patients, scarcely enabled the 125 students who were quartered there at a time to learn everything they perhaps ought to have learnt, they showed such proficiency that their certificates were awarded them by the Government during the early part of last month, and many of them have already left for the front, their places being taken by fresh students.

### The Fortress of Rutchuk, on the Danube.

A few years ago Rutchuk had no more importance than any other fortified post on the Danube; but railways have made it the key to the passage of the river. It is the terminus of the railway from Varna to the Danube; and on the opposite bank of the river lies Gurgevo, the terminus of the Roumanian line, by which communication is assured with Moldavia, and with Russia through Jassy, and with all Western Wallachia. If the Russians succeed in crossing the river at Rutchuk, or crossing anywhere near, can seize the fortress of Rutchuk, they will have gained the greatest possible advantage. They will then have kept their supply by railway not only to the Danube, but to a point within comparatively easy striking distance of the centre of the Balkans. The information at our disposal goes to prove that the fortifications at Rutchuk are in a feeble condition, though the Turks have recently been at work strengthening them, and some heavy guns have been moved here by rail from Varna. Still, here, as all along the river, except near Galatz, the Turks have the advantage in the fact that their high right bank commands the left bank of the river.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Providence Tool Company are making 600 guns a day for the Turkish Government.

—ACCORDING to the Philadelphia *Trade Journal*, Mr. Peabody, the inventor of the Peabody rifle, receives about \$300 a day in royalty.

—THE banners and armorial bearings of the original Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter, when founded by Edward III. in 1344, have been hung in St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle.

—THE farmers of Lake Mary Township, Douglas County, Minn., went on a grand gopher hunt a week ago, and a day's game foots up: Pocket gophers, 225; gray gophers, 908; str. pod gophers, 410. Total gophers, 1,410.

—THE laying-down of underground telegraph advances rapidly in Germany. The line from Mayence to Marburg is complete; that from Cassel to Leipzig is in progress. Two lines, each with seven wires, will run from Berlin to Hamburg.

—It is mentioned as a notable fact that the first translation of the Bible into the Russian vernacular, approved by the Czar, as head of the Greek Church, and by the Church itself, has been completed only within the present year.

—GENERAL DASSI, who was President of the Italian Commission at the Exposition, will attempt to divert to America the emigration now going on from Italy to Brazil and South America. About 2,500 emigrants leave Genoa every month.

—THE following receipt, it is said, furnishes a mixture which kills potato-bugs and their eggs: Steep tobacco-stems or refuse tobacco, and to the decoction add lye from wood ashes or potash, and sprinkle the liquid upon the vines with a common sprinker.

—A GOOD deal of activity in shipbuilding is noted at Bath, Me. Twenty-three vessels are on the stocks in her shipyard. Over thirty thousand tons of shipping were built there last year, and it is thought about the same amount will be built this year.

—NEW HAVEN is interested in a war which is going on between the black ants and the canker worms. The ants kill large numbers of the worms and drag their bodies off the field for future consumption. As a consequence, the worms are disappearing. Efforts are likely soon to be made to set the ants upon the potato-bugs.

—AN attempt is being made by the British Lighthouse Board to train carrier-pigeons so as to adapt them to the service of pilot-boats. The training is being done in a number of prominent lighthouses, whence the birds will be distributed among the pilots, who, in case of an emergency, can send details, to the light-keeper, of a disaster.

—IMMEDIATE surroundings go far in forming individual character. Washington Irving thought it was an advantage to one to live and grow up by the side of a beautiful river, or near a lofty mountain, as the frequent sight of them would awaken thoughts and feelings of beauty and grandness, and thus make good impressions on the mind.

—ANOTHER statue has been found at Olympia: it is a youthful Hermes holding a baby Bacchus on his left arm, and is probably the work of Praxiteles. The right arm of Hermes and both legs below the knee are gone, as also is the upper part of the boy's body except the head. The composition strongly recalls the Eirene and Plutus in the Glyptothek at Munich.

—THE United States Consul at Hong Kong, China, reports to the Department of State that the number of Chinese who left that port for the United States during the year ending December 31st, 1876, was 5,134 less than the previous year, and that only fifty-two of the emigrants were women, showing that the Act of March 3d, 1875, has been enforced.

—HOMER, who is supposed to have written nearly 3,000 years ago, alludes to the use of the razor. This instrument has generally been made of metal, but Cortez found the Mexicans using razors of obsidian, and the Tahitians use pieces of shell and sharks' teeth ground to a fine edge. In China and Japan, razors like the European and American, but without handles, are used.

—ONE who claims to know says that old United States coins, dated from 1793 to 1814, if they are in good condition, are worth from 5 cents to 40 cents; if they are sharp, or just as they came from the mint, then they are worth \$2 each. United States silver dollars dated 1794, 1804, 1836, 1838, 1839, 1851, 1852, 1854, 1855, if in good condition, are worth \$3; if they are sharp they are worth more.

—THE mode of notation employed in the Greek music was peculiar. It consisted in placing the letters of the alphabet in various positions—straight, sideways, etc.—and sometimes even fragments of letters were used. The scale of the Greeks was similar to our minor scale, although it contained no sharp seventh. Play on any pianoforte the notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and you have played the Greek one-octave diatonic scale.

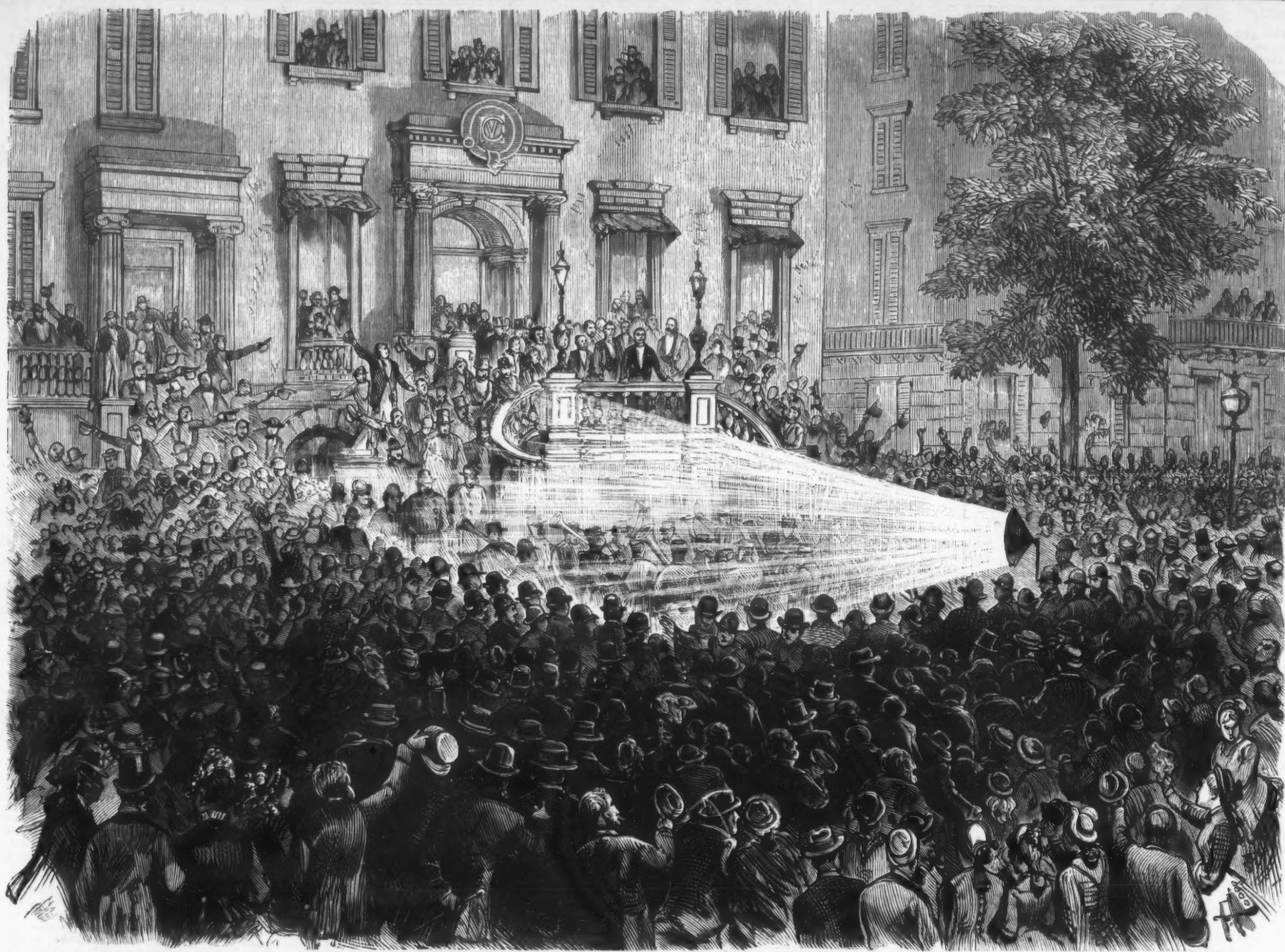
—A LONDON broker was recently empowered by a customer to sell some Irish railway stock, and applied to a member of the exchange, upon whose statement of the current price the stock was sold to him for £6,000. The owner being dissatisfied, and some inquiry being made, the broker offered to refund £2,000, which shows the amount of profit which would have accrued to him if the business had not been looked into.

—DURING the past year the number of original advertisements for "missing friends, or next of kin," in the London *Times* was 700, and the number of persons named therein about 3,000. The Treasury Solicitor advertised for the next of kin of twenty-six persons. The amount of money reverting to the Crown by reason of these intestacies is seldom stated; but in one case—Mrs. Helen Blake's—it amounted to \$700,000. From one of these advertisements it appears that the heirs of a person who emigrated to America in 1683 are wanted to claim a fortune of \$2,000,000.

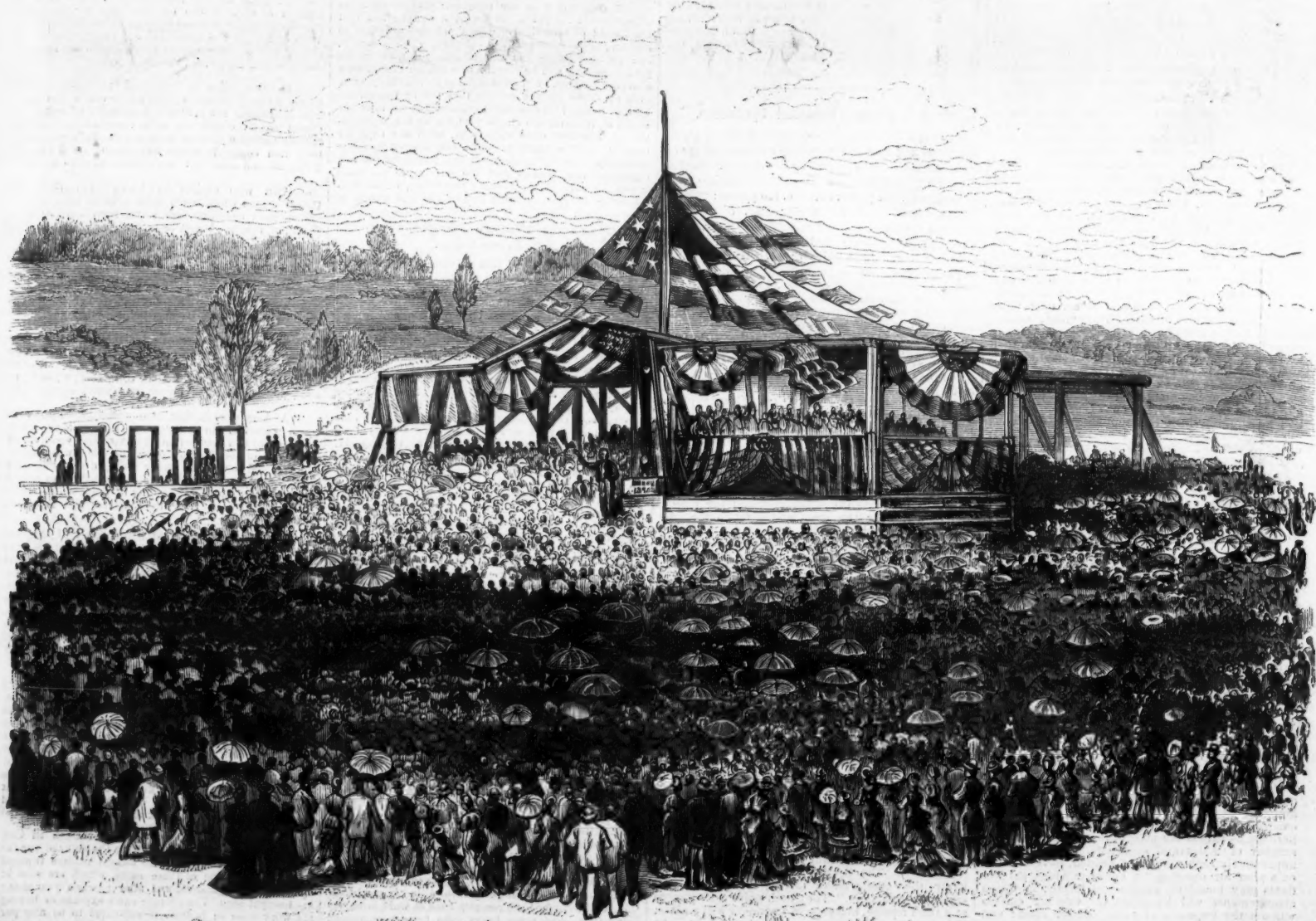
—THE St. Petersburg journals have had leisure to ascertain where the first shot was fired on the Danube, and who was the hero of the war. The maiden shot proceeded from a Russian battery between Reni and Galatz. A Turk was sailing listlessly down the river in a small boat. Two shots were fired in his direction, not for the purpose of annoying him, but simply with a view to waking him up and letting him know that there was war between Russia and Turkey. The gunners did not hit him, but they scared him. He altered his course and sought shelter under the Turkish bank.

—AN effort is being made to establish in San Francisco the business of preparing the skins of the fur seal for market. There is an annual passage through the city of 150,000 of these skins, which are sent to London for preparation, and after nearly a year may be brought back. The average extra expense of having the work done in London is estimated to be fifty per cent. English purchasers pay \$10 each for raw skins, and charge \$40 for the prepared ones. It is said by those familiar with the business that the work can be skillfully and profitably carried on in this country.





NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN, EX-GOVERNOR THOMAS A. HENDRICKS OF INDIANA, GOVERNOR LUCIUS ROBINSON, AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DORSHEIMER, AT THE MANHATTAN CLUB, JUNE 12TH—THE SERENADE IN FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 286.



NEW YORK.—THE ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, AT BATH, STEUBEN COUNTY, JUNE 13TH. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 287.





NEW YORK CITY.—"THE TREACHEROUS MEMORY"—AN INCIDENT AT A PERFORMANCE OF A WEST-SIDE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—SEE PAGE 287.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY—THEIR WAR STRENGTH AND ORGANIZATION.—SEE FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY FOR JULY. THE CHEAPEST AND MOST INSTRUCTIVE MAGAZINE PUBLISHED. PRICE 20 CENTS.



## TWO SUITORS.

ONE sends a lily, cold and white—  
White, with a heart of gold;  
And one a bud, not open quite,  
Whose pale lips just unfold  
To whisper—hush! I know, dear rose!  
Not yet, not yet, your lips unfold!

One says, "Oh, lady, wear to-night  
This lily, for my sake;  
And let me read this sign aright,  
A fairer flower to take!"  
The other—hush! I know, dear rose!  
Not yet, not yet, your lips unfold!

Lily, I hate you—proud and grand,  
Death, with a heart of gold!  
Rose, dear rose, do you understand  
To tell what you are told?  
A word—a kiss—to-night, dear rose,  
To-night to kiss your lips unfold!

## BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY  
BURKE O'FARRELL.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED).

WHENEVER Mr. Fiennes turned, it was the same thing—the whole county had evidently united to give him the cut direct; and blank stares, stony looks, boorish curiosity or insolently adjusted eyeglasses met his gaze on all sides. Mrs. Craven's grand, dark burroughs rolled majestically past him, with that lady and the marchioness leaning back amongst the luxurious cushions and buffalorobes; Mrs. Craven looked at him in the face with the same expressionless glance as if she had never seen him before in her life, and when he raised his hat, turned contemptuously away, though Lady Aylesford bowed slightly.

"How can you lower yourself by taking the smallest notice of him?" said Mrs. Craven, indignantly. "I really am surprised at you, Constantia. An unprincipled adventurer, who has crept like a viper into our homes!"

From which it will be seen that the fair Genevieve conveniently forgot how she had moved heaven and earth, and pestered her husband's life out, until she had inveigled the "viper" into her house; and, indeed, her chaste voice had been raised the loudest in condemnation of the man whose calm and noble integrity, resting all her hints and allures, had turned her brief passion into gall and wormwood; even Miss Skinner, who, in her conspicuous hat and much-braided habit, was flaunting up and down on a showy, big-boned chestnut with white stockings, one of the worst animals in all Barney's queer lot which somebody had christened "the hospital of incurables," could scarcely have felt more elated at the cruel spectacle of shame and ruin which she had brought on that grand, dark, kindly head. The crowning insult of the occasion was when Mr. Fiennes, meeting Lady Emily Northcote Smythe—a lady who had always treated him with the most cordial friendliness—face to face, stopped for a moment to speak to her. She was on horseback, with her two boys—lads of thirteen and fourteen—and when Mr. Fiennes, in passing, pulled up, she received him with evident embarrassment, glancing uneasily in the direction of her husband, who stood talking to a group of gentlemen a little distance off. The master of the hounds immediately left his friends, and rode up.

"Sir," said he to Mr. Fiennes, "I must beg of you for the future not to address my wife!"

All the blood in his veins surged up into Michael's dark face as he turned and looked at Northcote Smythe, whose insolent glance could not sustain the fire of those calm, penetrating eyes; then it ebbed slowly out again, leaving him pale as ashes.

"Sir," said he, haughtily, "you must pardon me if I confess that I do not understand your meaning—except that you intend to insult me!"

"There you are wrong!" retorted the M. F. H., contemptuously. "I have no more wish to insult you than the whole county has; we only intend to decline the honor of your further acquaintance. You can spare yourself the trouble of those withering looks! I regret, for your sake, that dueling is obsolete—at least, in England—especially as I hear you are what is called a dead shot; but, even were it not so, I fear you could scarcely fight a whole county, and I only speak in the name of society, which you have outraged."

"Oblige me by explaining your meaning, sir."

"Nay, I have neither the time nor the inclination to enter into such a long story," answered Mr. Smythe, still more offensively. "The field cannot be kept waiting here all day while I tell you the history of a man who came amongst us, six months ago, bearing the name and credentials of one of the oldest and most noble families in England, and was received with open arms as such by us all—a man who, it now appears, possesses no name at all—no, not even his mother's, since he is not the son of her husband. But, if you wish to hear all the particulars, ask Captain O'Reilly, or those gaping bores yonder, or my grooms, or your own, or, in fact, any one you choose; all Essex knows the tale by this time."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me with whom the 'tale' originated, although you seem so pressed for time?" said Mr. Fiennes.

"Certainly. I believe the tale originated with your quondam friends, Captain and Mrs. O'Reilly, and they give as their authority your kinsman, Mr. Rakewell Fiennes. At present, sir, I beg to wish you good-morning." And, touching his horse with the spur, Mr. Smythe rode off to tell the huntsman to put his hounds into cover, leaving Mr. Fiennes standing alone, the observed of all observers.

At last, however, he, too, turned slowly away, like one who had received a mortal wound. The low gray clouds seemed coming down to suffocate him, the lumpy sod seemed reeling beneath his horse's hoofs, and the merciless looks of all those crowding bystanders, who had gathered to hear the discussion between himself and Northcote Smythe, seemed eating like lead into his heart, and he was helpless—oh, God, how helpless!—for he knew that the accusation was true! Oh, indeed! it was the hour of the Powers of Darkness—the moment of Henri-

etta's triumph, as she pressed exultantly forward to see the finishing stroke of her diabolical vengeance, the last dying agonies of her victim; for, from afar off, her eager eyes, that had been watching so long and impatiently, descried an object which made her heart bound fiercely, as she prepared to revel in the supreme acme of her gratified hatred—the one most exquisite drop of pain in the cup of torture she had prepared for him, and without which the whole scheme of her revenge would have been to her an utter failure.

The eyes of love had been no less quick than those of hate, and, as Lady Diana approached, the soul of Michael Fiennes contained but one thought, and that was of her—what would she do? Every other shame, every other agony was condensed into that agony, and he wished that he had died in his mother's womb.

As Northcote Smythe rode off she was just driving up the field with the duchess, in a low, elegantly appointed pony-carriage, drawn by a splendid pair of chestnuts. Never had she looked more lovely, never more gloriously highbred, than she did now, in her exquisitely fitting habit and coquettish hat, as she toiled her rakish pair of horses cleverly over the broken ground of the common, winding in and out among the gorse-patches, with the wild wind playing at hide-and-seek in her blue gossamer veil, and a pale gleam of watery sunshine—the first that had appeared that day—shimmering fitfully over her golden hair. She caught sight of him in a moment, and the soft day-rose tinge, that the boisterous wind had lent to her fair cheeks, deepened beautifully. Her eye took in the whole scene at once, and, drawing her whip across the flanks of her horses in a way that greatly astonished those over-indulged animals, she drove straight up to him, and held out her hand with the most delicious smile she had ever given him. The duchess, too—the duchess who was almost a royal highness—put both her tiny little plump hands into his in the warmth of her greeting, and kept him talking for full five minutes in the face of the whole field, of the shocked bonnets filling those virtuous family carriages, and of the gaping mob at large, not to mention the O'Reillys and Henrietta, who had turned frightfully pale, while the glare of her eyes was something hideous to witness.

"I am late, as usual, am I not, Mr. Fiennes?" said Lady Diana. "Would you be so kind as to help me out? John, just run and call up Bates with my horse yonder."

Mr. Fiennes dismounted immediately, and assisted her to alight.

"Eh bien! Monsieur de Fiennes, I leave her to you, while I go to speak with Genevieve. We shall meet again presently." And, kissing the tips of her fingers to them both, Madame la Duchesse turned the heads of the ponies and drove off. Then her ladyship's staid old groom came up with her tall hunter—a superb dark bay, rising sixteen hands, that must have cost a small fortune at "the Corner"—and, taking her little patrician foot, so slender and *cambre*, tenderly in his firm, manly hand, Mr. Fiennes threw her lightly into her elevated seat.

"Where is the groom with your hunter, Mr. Fiennes?" asked Lady Diana, looking round when she had settled herself comfortably in her light hunting-saddle. "Oh! there he is—William, with the Benicia Boy! I see! Oh, Mr. Fiennes, I hate that Benicia Boy! I am always frightened when you ride him. But had you not better beckon him? The hounds are moving towards the first gorse-cover, and we shall lose our start if we don't make haste."

"No; I will go and speak to him myself in a minute," answered Michael. "I am going home now—now that I have seen you, Lady Diana."

"What! Are you going to give up your day's hunting, Mr. Fiennes?"

"Yes," he answered, sadly. "I cannot follow, after what has happened. Oh! Lady Diana," he added, in a low voice, "is it possible that you know all?"

"Yes, all!" she answered, very tenderly. And then, somehow or another, her little, soft hand, in its dainty, white doekin glove, found its way into his, where it rested in a flutter of trembling happiness. "Is it true?" she whispered.

"It is—God help me!" Then there was a pause between them, a pause during which they could have counted the loud pulses of their hearts. At last he murmured, so low that she could scarcely catch the words, "And is it possible that, knowing all, you do not utterly despise me?"

"I despise you! I—oh, Mr. Fiennes!" And in those passionate accents, and the look that accompanied them, he read her secret at last.

He could not answer for the life of him; words would not come. He could only wring her hand, with a mute, "God bless you!" and a strange mist dimming his vision.

"And, oh, Mr. Fiennes!" she whispered, bending down to him, "you must hunt to-day for your own sake, for my sake, because I wish to see you hold up your head like a brave, noble martyr in the face of your enemies, in the face of—that horrible woman who has brought this shame upon you; and show them—monsters of wickedness that they are—that the whole world, with all its cruelty and insolence and injustice, cannot browbeat you."

She spoke passionately, with a bright flush on her fair cheeks, and the light of unwonted excitement beaming from beneath those sweeping golden lashes, as she looked down on that dear, dark, noble face, with its softly luminous eyes raised in a very glory of ineffable yet hopeless love to her own—hopeless inasmuch as he could not yet bring himself to believe that she loved him enough to give up all things for his sake.

"Will you promise me, Mr. Fiennes? Oh, do promise me!" she whispered, very softly, in an earnest tone of loving entreaty, that thrilled through his whole soul; and then, in her great gladness—the gladness of that dear hope which had just been born again in her heart after its black night of despair—she laid her other hand on his, which still held her happy fingers nestling in its strong clasp.

"You know I can refuse you nothing," he answered. "Oh! Lady Diana, what is life or death or honor or dishonor to me, as long as you do not condemn me?"

"Then you will come?"

"Yes."

So he beckoned William with his hunting-whip, and her ladyship, with a reluctant sigh, allowed him to release her hands, while Mr. Dawson, who had been waiting at a respectful distance, wondering what the deuce was up, brought up his master's hunter. The notorious Benicia was in a perfect fury of impatience by this time, and almost more than William could manage.

It required no small exercise of skill and good temper on Mr. Fiennes's part before he found himself settled on the Benicia's back; and when he got there it took all his attention to prevent him from bolting after the hounds, which were a long way ahead, with their bushy sterna just appearing above the tufts of dead grass and stunted whin-bushes, while the whipper-in, on his old white horse, bobbed up and down behind them, in his weather-stained pink and rusty velvet cap.

Mr. Fiennes and her ladyship put their horses into a canter, and came up with the field just as the hounds were drawing the first gorse-cover up the wind; the duchess whipped up her horses, and joined them, and they all stood together a little apart from the pack, where, of course, they were the observed of all observers; and Lady Diana's heart beat high with exultant joy at being thus able, in the face of the whole world, to acknowledge the man she loved in the hour of his humiliation and shame.

The cover proved blank, as did the two smaller patches of furze further on, which put the M. F. H. into almost as bad a temper as the sight of the duchess and Lady Diana Charteris standing with his *l'été noir*, Mr. Fiennes.

"The deuced impudent blackguard," said he to Captain Vaughan—"brazening it out like that; but I really am surprised to see the duchess and Lady Diana, who is supposed to be so infernally haughty, giving their countenance to a nameless impostor like that. Well, there's no saying what women will do—hang their folly; they'd go hand-in-glove with a pickpocket or a gentlemanly ticket-of-leave man, if he only had a beard like that fellow's." And then the master of the hounds rode off.

"We shall have to throw 'em into Gawley Wood, after all, Burnett," said he.

"Yes, sir! And, with the wind blowin' like this, it'll be a precious time afore we get 'em out agen, I'm thinkin'. We'd better put 'em into cover down by Granny Bab's End, 'adn't we? There'll be a better chance of the fox a-gettin' away quiet 'ords the Tor Hill open an' Fiennes Park."

"Fiennes Park be banged!" muttered Northcote Smythe, between his teeth—"yes, that will do." So the hounds moved on again, and the field after them.

It was tedious work waiting before Gawley Wood; pottering about in the teeth of the wind, which swept at will over the unsheltered Scrubs, while the hounds were slowly drawing the large cover; catching occasional glimpses of the red coat of the huntmen, or whips, as they dashed past some opening in the side, and occasionally hearing the faint whimper of a bound speaking on the scent, which never rose to a challenge.

The fox hung most determinedly; once or twice, indeed, he poked his nose outside the cover, but, apparently not liking the looks of affairs, slunk in again; and they were full an hour and a half beating up and down before he could be made to fly. At last, however, Lady Diana espied him slinking off under the hedge of a turnip-field.

"There he goes," whispered she to Mr. Fiennes. He nodded.

"Let him go," said he. "I only hope those bumpkins yonder won't halloo too soon and head him back again."

Just then Tom Poynter astonished the echoes with his sonorous voice as he gave the cheery "Tally-ho!" and the next moment the whole party broke cover in gallant style, and swept across the field in full cry, making the dreary welkin ring again with their deep-mouthed music.

It was a splendid burst. Lady Diana and Mr. Fiennes, who were in a capital position, got away among the first, and remained together all day, although the run was a severe one, and several thoroughbred horses, used to the sweeping pastures of the crack countries, fell to rise no more in the heavy clay about Sniggle Bottoms.

The fox was a stout old dog, and, in spite of his hanging propensities, he showed some capital sport, and took a deal of killing before he left his carcass amongst the hounds. They ran into him in the open, after a run of an hour and a half, and Lady Diana and Mr. Fiennes were both in at the "Who-whoop!"

The old huntsman presented her ladyship with the brush with his best bow and compliments, which she received with her most gracious thanks, fastening the former in her hat immediately; and then, as there was yet time, they went to find another fox.

The shadows of that wintry dusk were rapidly closing in as her ladyship and Michael Fiennes rode homeward through the dreary twilight lanes, splashed and muddy, with their tired hunters laying their lean, shapely heads amicably together as they plodded along over the sodden turf, with its carpet of damp, dead leaves that lay rotting in heaps beneath the sombre nut-bushes overhead.

The last glimmer was dying away in the west, where a strange strip of stormy yellow light shone through the wild, hurrying cloud-rack above the far horizon—a wan sickly line, like the belt of Saturn dividing earth from sky, and all the rest was darkness. You scarcely could tell in the ghostly gloaming which was woodland and which was cloud, all was so gray and cold and indistinct beneath the pall of that chill February night, moonless and starless.

The lovers were not alone; their grooms followed after, a few yards behind, and other horsehoofs besides their own woke the lonely echoes of that damp-haunted lane, as a party of home-returning sons of Nimrod, benighted like themselves, brought up the rear, whose voices could be heard ringing merrily in laughter and snatches of hunting-songs beyond a not far distant turning in the road.

But it was not that which made them so silent as they rode side by side through the darkness, or that they had nothing to say, but, rather, that their hearts were so full that they could not speak; and

so they held their peace as the miles passed by, and the dark, straggling hedges rose interminably from the distance, with only a ghostly white gate glimmering through the night, or a spectral finger-post at intervals to break the monotony, except when their hunters went plunging through that long, deep, dangerous ford beyond the Four Cross Roads, and Michael Fiennes took Lady Diana's hand in his, and held it till they were safely landed.

He took her as far as the lodge-gates of Heronmere, and there they pulled up under the shadow of that crumbling escutcheon.

"Must you go?" she said, waking up regretfully from her happy reverie; for, while she had had him beside her, and could feel the joy of his dear presence—while she could look up at his tall, dark form, and see his handsome bearded profile cut out against the sky—he had almost forgotten that their long ride would ever arrive at an end—that a parting must ever come.

"Yes," he answered, with a sigh that was an echo of her own, only deeper and sadder. And then he took her hand in his—oh! so softly, so tenderly, she could feel all the pulses in her body tingling with the *rapport* of that loving touch. "But before I go I have a favor to ask."

"What is it?" she whispered.

"One that you refused me once," he answered; "will you grant it now? It is the last I shall ever ask."

She looked up with a startled glance, and he felt her hand tremble in his own.

"You know I will grant it," she said.

"Well, then, it is this: I want you to grant me an interview, Lady Diana," he said. "I have so much to tell you, and I could not tell you to-day. I wish you to hear my story, now that you have heard the *scold*!—God knows it is a sad enough one. Will you let me tell it you?"

"Whenever and wherever you please," she answered. "Stay, my aunt will not receive you; well, then, come to the duchess's to-morrow. I will make it all right with her."

"Till to-morrow, then; and now, good-night, and God bless you for all your kindness," he murmured. One more long hand-pressure, and then they parted.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—TENDER AND TRUE.

MICHAEL FIENNES spent the whole of the following day in making preparations for leaving Essex at once and for ever.

Fiennes Court had long been hateful to him, for the weight of his dishonor, always insupportable, had oppressed him doubly within the eternal shadow of those princely halls; their haughty historic grandeur weighed him to the earth; he felt himself a living blot on that fair escutcheon in which he had once gloried, and his presence seemed an insult to the illustrious race who had lived and died there, and whose dark, arrogant faces scowled haughtily down on him from their panels in the blood-stained picture-gallery.

Why should he remain there, to be subjected to the insolent contumely of the whole county—to be the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood—a living curiosity to be gaped at in the streets of Knewstubb by petty farmers and tenants on his estate, whose forefathers had been faithful retainers of the seigneurs of Fiennes far back in the old feudal days of yore? Why should he stay to be pointed at as a nameless impostor, simply because he had not been the trumpeter of his own shame—to be the talk of village bores in wayside pot-houses, and to meet the unabashed looks of insolent scorn turned on him as he passed along by those who had tried, and tried in vain, to force their intimacy upon him?

There was not one spot in the whole world to which he was bound by any tie of kindred and affection, England least of all; he determined, therefore, to leave it immediately, and proceed to Rome. The Carnival was close at hand with its brief spell of fantastic gaiety, like a day of romance in the midst of an age of matter-of-fact—the Carnival with its merry masquerades and bright eyes peering through black velvet dominoes; its coquettish fans flitted by hands well-skilled in their silent language, and many-colored fluttering ribbons; its *bon-bon* showers from picturesque stone balconies, and its gayly bedizened cavalcades moving slowly through those old, street streets, normally tenanted only by grave-faced cardinals and black-robed priests, by contadini in Raffaelesque costumes, and bearded artists, *habitués* of the Café Greco.

And after the Carnival would come Lent, with its penitential rigors. Michael Fiennes, who was almost monkish in his asceticism, had been in the habit of spending that season in strict retirement, either in the impenetrable retreat of some Carthusian or Trappist monastery, or in Rome; and it was that reason which made him decide to turn his pilgrim steps in the direction of the centre of Christendom.

Some men would have brazened out their disgrace, would have remained in spite of scorn and censure, until they had lived it down, or bought forgetfulness with a golden soporific which contains the most potent magic of the god of this world. But Michael Fiennes was not one of these; he was far too proud and too sensitive to be able to endure such a process. He knew that he could never outlive the shame, if he outlived its memory; that it was irremediable; and he preferred to go away, like the monarch of the desert, carrying his mortal wound hidden from human sight, and die alone.

Had he been brought up to the knowledge of his dishonor, it would have been very different. He would have gone forth to the world nameless, but confident in his own bright honor and integrity, to carve a name for himself with his own right hand and his dauntless sword, that should have covered him with glory; but, when the knowledge came, it was too late. His father, in the cowardice of his great, overwhelming love, had never been able to summon up enough courage to tell his son the shameful secret of his illegitimacy, and Michael had been brought up to manhood in the belief that he was the lawful descendant of a race of heroes whose names were written in golden letters on the page of history. It was only when his father was lying almost in his last agonies that the confession had been wrung from his dying



lips, and that he had implored pardon, with burning tears of unavailing anguish, from that son whom he had so bitterly wronged, and whose noble head he had bowed down to the very dust in shame and torture unutterable.

To describe the feelings of Michael Fienness at that deathbed revelation, would be impossible. He was as one stricken down in all the power and glory of his strong manhood by some awful visitation of God; his senses seemed to have left him under the blow; weeks of brain-numbness succeeded, during which nothing had power to rouse him—no, not even the voices of his children, those poor, little, nameless, dishonored babies that were put into his senseless, nerveless arms by the pitying servants, who loved their master with a faithful devotion, and who hoped to console him under the dreadful affliction which had befallen him, although they were entirely ignorant what that affliction was. Then, at last, came tears—tears of blood wrung slowly upwards, like those few drops that trickle from a heart-wound after life has departed—tears that, Byron says, "sear like molten lead"—and after them the long, endless night of black despair, the writhing of torture too great to be imagined, and the great, great, wordless, concentrated, soul-absorbing cry, importunate yet unavailing, "Now haste thee, Death!"

But, before he left England for ever, Michael Fienness had an act of self-sacrifice to perform, an act almost quixotic in its unheeded generosity. From his childhood he had always had a chivalrous love and reverence for the name he bore, and the race of demigods that had borne it before him. The hopes he had once cherished were dead; never could he honorably wear that glorious name again, never could he hand it down unstained to future generations, who should inherit the stronghold of their race, as their forefathers had inherited it before them. But, if he could not, another could. It is true, that other was a profigate and a libertine, royal in his excesses, grand in his recklessness; that he was penniless, exiled, lost. But his career had been no common one; there was nothing mean or little in it; his prosperity had been dazzling, and his fall was as the fall of an archangel—from a principality regal in its splendor to the depths of the nethermost abyss. It was in Michael's hands to re-instate this man in the position from which he had descended, to restore to him the prestige of wealth and glory which had always surrounded the name of Fienness, and to give him back all those great territorial possessions which had been won at the Conquest by the blood of their ancestors.

To do this, Michael Fienness knew that he must strip himself of the greater part of his wealth, and sink into comparative poverty; still he determined to make the sacrifice, not so much for the sake of his kinsman—towards whom, as the author of his present humiliation, he naturally felt incensed—as for the honor of the ancient race that must otherwise soon become extinct—that race whose welfare was as dear to him now as it had ever been in the days when he believed its interests to be identical with his own.

He had no children to inherit his wealth, and neither kith nor kin to leave it to; he was desolate, nameless, friendless, alone in the world, with only one hope left, and that was to die—the sooner the better. Why should he not do this thing, and, dying, save the honor of the name he loved so well?

And so, on the night that succeeded that day, he made up his mind that Fienness Court should once more become the property of the last lineal descendant of the ancient race who had won and kept it for eight hundred years.

After forming this resolution he felt calmer than he had done for many, many months; and, putting all other considerations aside, he gave himself up to the thought of the interview he was to have with Lady Diana, and of the long farewell he must then take of her, who, from henceforth till he died, could only be as the never-to-be-forgotten memory of a dream of heaven—too bright and beautiful ever to be realized on earth.

She had been very kind, very noble, very compassionate to him in the day of his great trouble; when all others forsook him, she alone stood by him in his humiliation and torture; and in her divine tenderness he had read, when it was too late, the secret of all she might and would have been to him—what she never, never could be now, either on earth or heaven.

He was very calm as he thought of her; very calm as he thought of the meeting which would be their last on earth; very calm as he thought of the parting that would be for ever; the agony of death seemed to have passed over his soul, and the end of all things was coming very quietly. He was surprised himself at the numbness, the moral deadening, of his faculties for suffering that seemed sent in mercy to enable him to bear the final trial which was before him.

He went to bed and slept—really slept, a long dreamless sleep, as we are told sometimes that great criminals have done on the night before their execution. He rose up again next morning, heard Mass, breakfasted, and spent the day much the same as usual; and the servants, gazing with turban looks at his serene and noble face, marveled much at the calm exterior of one whom the whole world was combining to cover with shame and ignominy, and who, in the midst of insults and scoffs and indignities, never lost for one moment the prestige of that grand repose, that majestic sweetness which was so peculiarly his own.

Early in the afternoon a groom rode over to the Court with a note for Mr. Fienness from Madame la Duchesse d'O. It was a kind little epistle, begging him to come over to the lodge and dine quite alone with herself and Lady Diana. "Our dinner hour is at eight, as you know, dear friend," she wrote; "but come early. Milady Diana sends her kindest regards, and bids me to say that she will await you in the boudoir at seven, quite alone. She is so happy to-day that I scarcely know her for the *brave* creature who has borne her name for the last month, and I need scarcely add how it gives me pleasure to see two friends so dear to my heart, who have been playing at the crooked questions so long, at last arrive at a good understanding. Make the good use, therefore, of my house, which I offer to you both entirely.

Come, Archangel, to the heart that is waiting with such impatience for you. Come and exchange that *si doves* confession you are both dying to make—"I love you!"

The shades of a cold February night were closing drearily in as Michael Fienness passed the white lodge-gates, and drove down the long, glimmering road that wound indistinctly through the naked and spectral fir-plantations towards the duke's unpretending little hunting-lodge. Half a mile further on he came in sight of the picturesque, many-gabled house, with its ornamental chimney-stacks, and twinkling lights shining pleasantly through the trees. From afar off Michael's eyes sought one window, from which a ray of firelight crept far over the sloping lawns, drifted with resinous firmness, for well he knew who was waiting for him behind the snug drapery of those long, crimson curtains; and his heart beat fast as he drove round the colonnade, and pulled up his smoking horses before the door.

A polished French servant, cold and immaculately polite, showed him across the hall, filled with trophies of the chase, and the next moment he was ushered into Lady Diana's presence.

The candles were not lit, and only the pleasant firelight reigned in that elegant and luxurious little apartment known as the duchess's boudoir, with its coquettish draperies and ottomans and *étoiles*, its chairs and cabinets, and *casseroles à la Louis Quinze*, its *Watteau* pictures, *Sèvres* clocks, rare porcelain *jardinières* filled with costly exotics, and countless tiny tables covered with gold snuff-boxes, fans, *bouquiers*, malachite ornaments, treasures in lapis-lazuli, rare, old-enameled miniatures of by-gone court beauties mounted on crimson velvet, etc., etc.—all those thousand elegant and costly nothings, useless but charming, that make up the sum of a *grande dame's* luxury.

Lady Diana was alone. She was seated at the grand piano, looking more lovely than ever in a simple dress of plain white muslin, with the fitful firelight playing in the shining masses of her beautiful fair hair, and catching the shimmering blue of the pale satin bow that nestled in its golden ripples. The crabbled manuscript of an old Spanish love-song, very quaint and tender, stood before her on the desk, and the white, patrician fingers, with their blaze of opals and diamonds, were wandering dreamily over the keys, as she sang the passionate old ballad softly to herself; and yet it was more than probable that she was utterly unconscious of what she was singing, so intently was she listening for the roll of wheels on the crisp gravel without, and the sound of that footfall in the hall which could alone make an echo in her heart.

(To be continued.)

#### EXECUTION OF MOLLY MAGUIRE MURDERERS.

THE execution of ten murderers, members of the defunct organization of Molly Maguires, in Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 21st of the present month, will be one of the most extraordinary events in the criminal history of the State. Six of the murderers will be hung simultaneously at Pottsville and four at Mauch Chunk, in which places they were tried and convicted. James Boyle, James Carroll, Hugh McGehan, James Rarity, Thomas Duffy and Thomas Munley will be executed at Pottsville, and Michael Doyle, Edward Kelley, Alexander Campbell, and John Donahue, alias "Yellow Jack," will be executed at Mauch Chunk.

Boyle, Rarity, McGehan, Carroll and Duffy were convicted of the murder of Benjamin F. Yost, which occurred on the 6th of July, 1875. Yost was a police officer at Tamaqua, where he was held in high repute by the citizens, both for his services as an officer in town and as a soldier in one of the Pennsylvania regiments during the war. He had given the murderers no provocation, except that on one occasion he had arrested Duffy for an infraction of the peace.

Luckily for the cause of justice, it so happened that one of the Mollys, named Jimmy Kerrigan, was arrested for the murder of John P. Jones, whereupon he made a full statement implicating all the accused. All excepting Duffy were tried at Pottsville in July of last year, their trials lasting eight days, and at the conclusion were convicted of murder in the first degree. Duffy was tried and convicted in the September following.

Thomas Munley was convicted of the murder of Thomas Sanger, a mining boss, at Raven Run, on the 1st of September, 1875.

Doyle, Kelley and Campbell, who are to be executed at Mauch Chunk, were convicted of the murder of John P. Jones, at Lansford, on the 3d of September, 1875.

John Donahue, alias "Yellow Jack," was convicted of the murder of Morgan Powell, assistant superintendent of the mines of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, which occurred on Saturday evening December 2d, 1876.

Patrick Heiter, Patrick Tully and Peter McHugh are to be executed at Bloomsburg, Cumberland County, on the 21st of August, for the murder of Alexander Res, as far back as 1868.

In all these cases the secret workings of the Molly Maguire Orator were exposed by the testimony of McParlan, the Pinkerton detective. McParlan, by his two years' active life as a miner, was almost used up physically. Up to the Fall of 1873 he was regularly attached to Pinkerton's uniformed force at Chicago. In October of that year, at the direction of Detective Franklin, superintendent of the agency in Philadelphia, he started for the coal regions, all parts of which he visited under the assumed name of James McKenna.

Under that name he was initiated into Shenandoah Division of the Molly Maguires, and soon became its secretary, and it was in that way that he was enabled almost daily to send transcripts of their secret proceedings to Detective Franklin, in Philadelphia.

Some of those tried for murder got off with a verdict of guilty in the second degree. The entire number of convictions for murder, perjury and conspiracy numbers about sixty, and the aggregate amount of the sentence of imprisonment is nearly one hundred years.

Jack Donahue, who is about forty-five years of age, is the oldest one of the culprits to be hung on the 21st. The average age of the others is about thirty years. They have numerous relatives and friends residing in the coal regions, who visit them frequently.

The city of Pottsville, in the jail of which a large number of the condemned men are confined, is the capital of Schuylkill County, and at the last census had a population of 12,384. It is situated near Sharp Mountain, in the midst of an extensive coal region, is built largely of brick, and is lighted with gas. The leading buildings are the court-house, the jail (which we illustrated recently), town hall, opera house, ten national banks, an orphan's home, nineteen churches, and a number of public schools, besides valuable manufacturing establishments.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Brazilian Bridges.**—The favorite American system of bridge-building has been adopted by the Brazilian Government for use in all future internal improvements.

**Gold in a Well.**—A local sensation has been created in Jersey City by the discovery of a gold mine while sinking a well. The workmen, after passing through a vein of iron ore, struck a quartz vein containing gold at a depth of 900 feet. Geologists suppose that this quartz belongs to the Appalachian range, running from Nova Scotia to the Gulf, and having outcroppings in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia.

**Gas Well.**—The new gas well at Beaver Falls, Pa., has been cased 805 feet with 10-inch pipe, and 405 feet with 8-inch. A copious stream of salt water has been reached, which yields a very fine quality of table-salt, one gallon of water producing one quart of salt. This is a degree of concentration rarely met with in native brines, and must prove encouraging to those who have had the enterprise to complete the well.

**New Use of Tadpoles.**—To remove all the flesh from the skeletons of small vertebrate animals has always been a difficult matter. A French naturalist finds that tadpoles are excellent scavengers for this purpose. The skin is removed from the animal, and it is thrown into a tank of tepid water, supplied with tadpoles. In a short time the voracious creatures devour all the meat, leaving the bones clean and white. Darkness and warmth are found to increase the appetite of the tadpoles, and facilitate operations.

**America Supplying Germany.**—The Lane Manufacturing Company, of Montpelier, Vt., received a cable telegram, October 25th, 1876, ordering a heavy double circular saw-mill, with sixty feet carriage, to go to Zehausen, Baden, Germany, in the region of the Black Forest, where timber is still tolerably abundant. Travelers who have seen the rude saw-mills of that region will appreciate the desire of the landed proprietors to possess something dating from a more recent period than the time of the Romans.

**Submarine Blasting.**—Repeated trials appear to have proved that the best agent for submarine blasting is dynamite. This was the agent used at Hell Gate, and it is generally adopted in damp mines and tunnels. Recently on the Danube, near Vienna, two piles obstructed the river, and as they could not be pulled out it was decided to try dynamite. The charges adopted were for each pile 2½ pounds in a tin case made water-tight with gutta percha, and fitted with a gun-cotton cartridge and an electrical fuse passing along the stake. The charges were lowered by means of a pole and forced by the current against the foot of the piles, and were then fired from the shore. The explosion threw water to a height of sixteen or seventeen feet, but was attended with little detonation, effectually, however, removing the piles, which were broken short off at the ground level and carried away by the stream.

**Effect of Hydraulic Mining upon Rivers.**—The miners of California encountered peculiar obstacles in attacking immense gravel beds beneath which was known to exist valuable deposits of gold, but with characteristic enterprise and ingenuity they soon devised a plan for overcoming the difficulty—they brought water from a great distance, and by means of hose played upon the gravel bank and soon washed it away. Sometimes there was an avalanche and a workman would be buried beneath the gravel, but he was washed out by the same process. The effect of this system of mining on the rivers has been most marked; clear and limpid at one time, they now run foul and turbid, and so great is the quantity of earth carried down in suspension that old pilots declare that on the lower reaches of the Sacramento the bottom is twenty-five feet higher than it was twenty years ago. Sacramento Bay is also getting silted up. The larger steamers have been already withdrawn from the river, and it is calculated that if the "shoaling" goes on at the same rate as at present, and if dredging is not resorted to, the Sacramento will become un navigable in ten years.

**A Floating Ice Bink.**—The swimming-baths on the river Thames at Charing Cross, 3,000 square feet in extent, have been converted into an artificial ice-bink by Mr. John Gamgee. The principle upon which the work is accomplished consists of the circulation of a current of cooled glycerine and water through a series of metal tubes immersed in water, which is converted into ice and maintained in that condition. There are two sulphurous acid ice-machines, with the necessary engines, one at each end of the structure. Each machine absorbs over 100,000 heat units per hour; and it is stated that this immense effect is obtained by utilizing about six-horse power per machine. A rotary pump drives about 4,000 gallons of glycerine and water—previously cooled to 0° Fahr. by sulphurous acid—per hour through each refrigerator, and this cold liquid traverses through the tubes of the glacierium, and the water outside them is thoroughly frozen and constantly retained in that condition. Each machine is capable of controlling the entire circuit of pipes, so that, in the event of one failing, the other insures the continuance of the process of congelation. There is over a mile of wrought-iron flat tubing. Everything is so arranged that when the bathing season again approaches, the ice-machinery and apparatus will be taken down and stowed away, to be replaced for active use at the close of the summer season.

**Anthracite Coal Production of Pennsylvania.**—Between the years 1820 and 1876, both inclusive, there have been produced in Pennsylvania 360,564,832 tons, of 2,240 pounds, of anthracite coal. The increase was constant down to 1874, when the double influence of the financial crisis and the combination have had the effect to diminish the production. The following table, prepared by the editors of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, will show the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania during the last seven years:

	TONS.
1870.....	16,375,678
1871.....	17,819,706
1872.....	27,379,255
1873.....	22,094,083
1874.....	22,880,921
1875.....	21,667,286
1876.....	19,000,000

In addition to the anthracite production, there has been a steady increase in the output of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania, so that the amount now reaches about 10,000,000 tons per annum. The entire coal production of the United States may be set down in round numbers at 50,000,000 tons per annum. In Great Britain it was 133,000,000 tons in 1875. As there is more coal in Ohio alone than in Great Britain it will be seen that we have scarcely begun to draw upon our unlimited supply.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**GENERAL DI CERNOLA** is about to study the archeology of the Lake Superior region, where he will go this summer.

**THE EMPEROR** of Japan has received from the Czar a magnificent vase, four feet high, and cut from a single block of agate.

A CORRESPONDENT says that at Lord Derby's last reception there were ladies present carrying jewels worth £30,000 on their heads.

**MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD** preached the baccalaureate sermon at the commencement of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., June 10th.

**GENERAL SHERIDAN** intends to go on an expedition into the Wind River country, Wyoming Territory, during the latter part of this month.

**MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT**, the esteemed Quaker philanthropist, is in her eighty-fifth year, weighs only seventy pounds, and is in good spirits and health.

**MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON**, the well-known painter, was married, June 11th, to Major William Butler. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Manning.

**MRS. PIERCE**, of Eastbourne, England, has a new pair of baby twins. She was born without arms, wears her wedding-ring on her toes, and does her housework with her feet.

**THE DUCHESS** of Edinburgh, being of the Greek Church, finds that her right to the custody of her own children, in the event of her temporary absence from England, is likely to be disputed.

**GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS** has appointed Professor Torrey, of Burlington, Vt., as delegate from Vermont to the International Prison Congress, which meets at Stockholm, Sweden, next August.

**STEPHEN JOHNSON**, the greenback nominee for Governor of Ohio, is a son of the late Colonel John Johnson, of Piqua, the well-known pioneer and famous Indian agent, of a generation or two ago.

**GOVERNOR HARTRANFT**, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, will make his headquarters at the City Hall, Providence, during the military reunions on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst.

**REV. DR. DEEMS**, the pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and editor of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, delivers the address before the Literary Societies of Randolph, Macon College, Va., on the 21st of June.

**GENERAL LARIS MELIKOFF**, now famous in the Russian campaigns in Asia, was a colonel commanding some Georgian cavalry in the last war of the Russians against the Turks. He is a brilliant commander, and a man of numerous other than military accomplishments.

**J. G. PAYNE**, son of Bishop Payne, of the Southern Methodist Church, is announced as a candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House. He is a brother-in-law of Senator Gordon, and a class-mate of Senator Lamar and Representative Chalmers, of Mississippi.

**THE NAMES** of Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Rev. E. S. Atwood, Salem, Mass., and Rev. William H. Fenn, of Portland, are mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Faculty of the Bangor (Maine) Theological Seminary, made by Professor Barbour's resignation.

**THE BUFFALO NEWS** says: Among those mentioned who would poll a strong vote for Mayor is Dr. R. V. Pierce. He certainly would be elected if nominated, and would bring to the position all those excellent business qualities which have made him a millionaire, while at the same time the city's affairs would be as generously, yet as prudently, managed as are his own.

**COUNTRESS MARIE VON BISMARCK**, daughter of the Prince, is to be married, it is said, to Count Lehn-dorff, one of the handsomest men in Berlin, and the favorite aide-de-camp of the Emperor, who for several years has never gone anywhere without him. The Countess Marie is now nearly twenty-nine years old. Her former betrothed, Count d'Eulenburg, died of typhoid fever in 1875.

**MRS. MAGGIE NEWTON VAN COTT**, who is to have charge of the Union Camp Meeting at Sea Cliff, to commence June 23d, is the first lady licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Her success as an evangelist for the ten years of her ministry has, perhaps, exceeded all that have thus been engaged, either male or female. Mrs. Van Cott was born in this city, and was formerly a member of the Duane Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

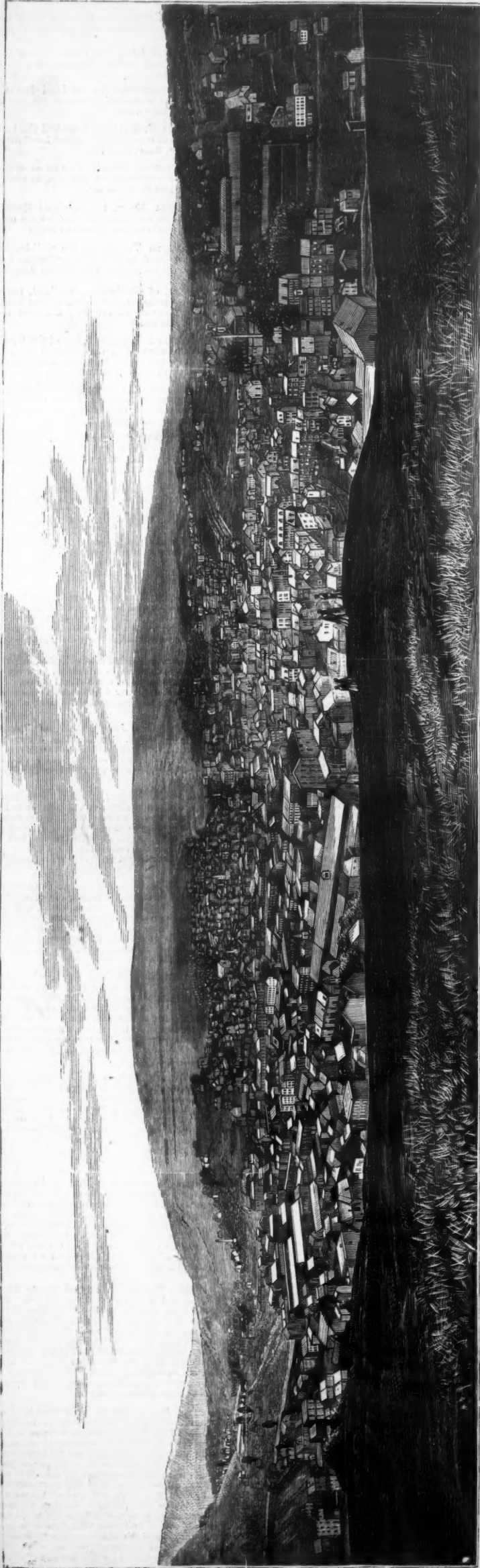
**DAVID A. WELLS** has been elected foreign associate member of the Royal Academy of Italy. This is one of the oldest societies in Europe, corresponding to the French Academy, and the one to which Galileo first announced some of his discoveries. It consists of sixty home members and twenty foreign associates, the other American members being Professor Henry, of Washington, Professor Dana, of New Haven, and Hon. George P. Marsh, our Minister to Italy.

**MISS EMMA PEARSON** and Miss McLaughlan, the two English ladies who went out with the ambulances in the late Serbian war, say that the Russians do not care for English help of this kind, and it is not likely that any Englishwomen will attempt to work with them. The Turks, they say, do not display any national animosity towards the English, but they are so utterly destitute of any feeling of respect for women that ladies shrink from hospital service among them.

**THIERS** has a beautiful library of twenty thousand volumes, and it is lighted from the top. His eighty years have scarcely slackened the rate of his labor. He is up by daylight, brews his own coffee, and is clothed with M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire when the busy quarter around him is still silent. He is a great economist of his time and health, and sleeps regularly twice in the course of the day. His drinks are milk and coffee, and he eats plain meats. When he wants to gather strength for a long effort in the tribune, a copious glass of coffee appears before him.

**SECRETARY EVARTS** writes to Governor Van Zandt that President Hayes has accepted the invitation of the Rhode Island General Assembly to be present at the army reunion in Providence this month, although, owing to a previous engagement, he will not arrive until the 28th inst. The Committee of Arrangements have decided to engage a private residence for the use of the President and Cabinet during their stay in Providence. Prescott Post No. 1, G. A. R., will give a "camp fire" in Howard Hall on the evening of the 26th, to which visiting veterans and prominent citizens will be invited. Rev. Dr. Bebrndt, of Providence, will deliver the oration before the Society of the Army of the Potomac on the 27th, and Bayard Taylor will read the poem "The whole State militia, as well as the independent chartered companies, are to be ordered out for a grand parade on the 28th inst., and the great reunion clamor will come off at Rocky Point on that day.

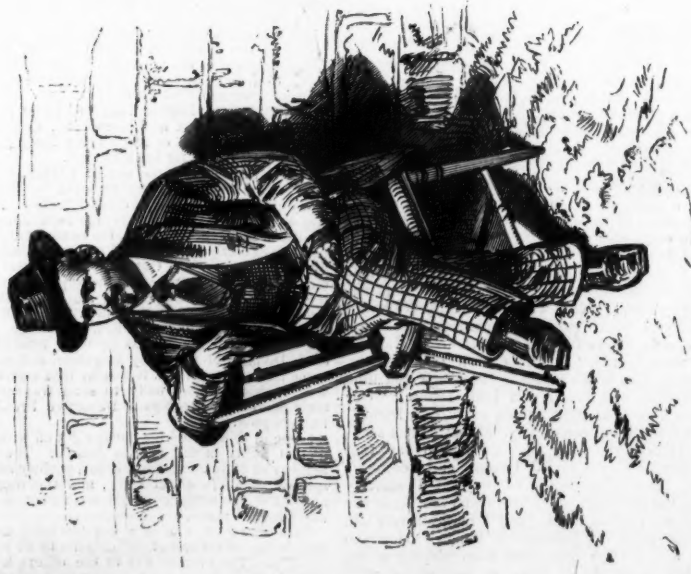




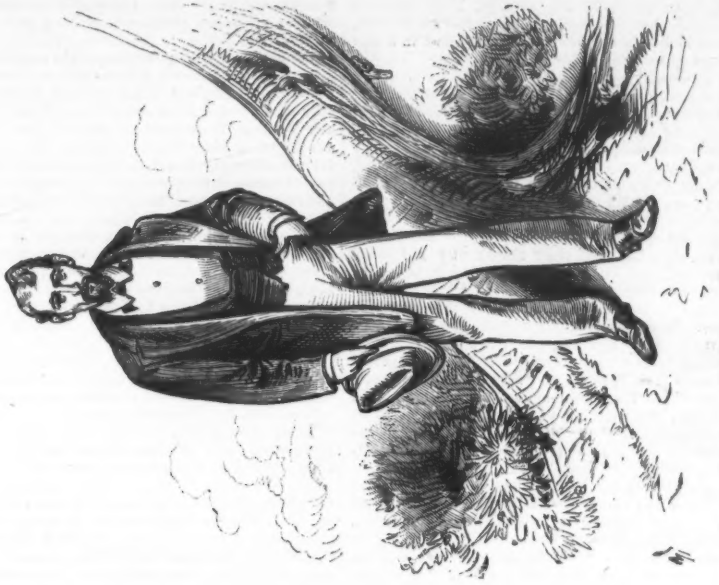
VIEW OF THE CITY OF POTTSVILLE, THE CAPITAL OF SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, WHERE THE CONDEMNED MOLLY MAGUIRES ARE CONFINED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLEN, OF POTTSVILLE.



SPECIAL POLICEMEN ON GUARD AT THE POTTSVILLE JAIL.



JAMES HERRIGAN, "STATE'S EVIDENCE."



POLICEMAN BENJAMIN F. YOST, OF YAMAGUA, PA., MURDERED BY THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, JULY 6TH, 1876. —SEE PAGE 291.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE PLACE OF IMPRISONMENT OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRE MURDERERS, CONDEMNED TO DIE, JUNE 21ST.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 291.





THE MOUNT CARMEL DISASTER.—RUINS OF THE COURT HOUSE, NORTHWEST CORNER OF FOURTH AND MAIN STREETS.

#### THE TORNADO IN ILLINOIS.

SCENES IN MOUNT CARMEL AFTER THE DISASTER.

IN our last issue we gave an illustrated report of the destructive tornado that struck the town of Mount Carmel, Ill., on the night of June 4th. Two converging lines of devastation proved that the tornado partook largely of the character of a cyclone. The first



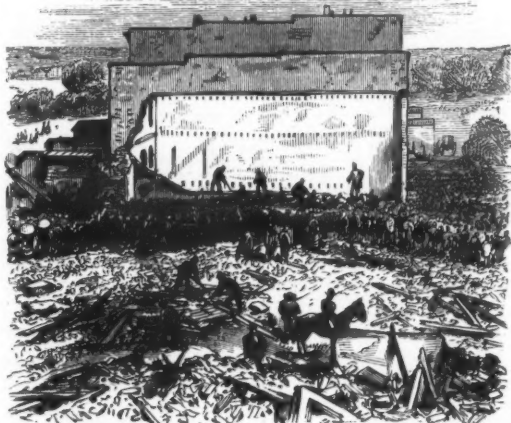
NEW YORK.—THE "CLASS CUP" OF THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY GRADUATING CLASS OF 1877.

wreck was a frame farmhouse, which was blown out at the sides, letting the roof down upon the foundation. Thence the wind swept over a small strip of timber, and was met by a counter-current of wind from the west, which did no serious damage, except to fences in its course. These currents met on Fourth Street, below Main, with a force which is described to have resembled the crash of timber or the flapping of sails, and in the space of a few seconds the air was filled with the debris of a hundred dwellings, public buildings, and business houses. The principal force of the cyclone was spent on the line of Fourth Street, running northeast to the woods west of the river, where the wind was again raised from the earth. Half a square above Main Street, on Fourth Street, the furious eddying of the storm carried the Methodist church steeple in the opposite direction, landing it 300 feet away in front of a saloon. The Court House cupola was blown a distance of four miles up in Indiana. The churches fared badly, the Methodist Episcopal church being almost ruined, and the parsonage greatly damaged. The Presbyterian church is totally gone. The Evangelical church is unroofed and otherwise injured. The Masonic fraternity are heavy losers, nothing whatever of their fixtures being saved. The Odd-Fellows' Hall was

unroofed and the lodge furniture, regalia, organ, etc., are ruined. Our illustrations this week are from photographs furnished by A. B. Craycroft, of Vincennes, Ind., and J. J. Thomas, of Mount Carmel, taken immediately after the disaster, showing the appearance of four localities where the tornado seems to have vented its greatest fury.

#### THE "CLASS CUP" OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE Graduating Class of 1877 at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., had manufactured, at a cost of three hundred dollars, a beautiful "Class Cup," to be presented to the first boy-baby born to any of its members who shall marry. It is in the shape of a goblet, of sterling silver, ten inches high, the bowl lined with gold, and frosted outside. Around the bowl is suspended a miniature army belt of gold, inscribed with the motto, "To our Godson." Attached to the belt in front is a sword, of exquisite workmanship, a perfect *fac-simile* in miniature of a regulation weapon. Upon the obverse of the bowl are engraved the arms of the Class, representing Minerva and Mars standing on either side of a shield, on which is the inscription, "U. S. M. A.," with date "77" above: the whole surmounted by an eagle. The figures of



THE MOUNT CARMEL DISASTER.—SEARCHING FOR DEAD AND WOUNDED IN THE RUINS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Minerva and Mars stand upon a scroll engraved with the motto of the Class, "*El Minerva et Marte.*" The bowl rests upon the outspread wings of a golden eagle, which in turn rests upon the dome of a miniature silver temple, within which stands a golden cradle containing a sleeping infant, while in alternate openings between the six columns which support the dome appear three silver cherubs coming forth with outstretched arms, rejoicing. Upon the rounded base on which the temple rests, four wreaths of laurel and oak are worked in oxidized silver, each wreath encircling an engraved picture representing one of the four branches of the military service. The infantry is represented by a scene in camp life; the artillery, by a siege battery; the cavalry, by a company in full charge; and the engineers, by a picture showing the erection, under fire, of a pontoon-bridge. The only polished portion of the work is a narrow ribbon around the extreme base. By an ingenious device of Homer Lee & Co., makers of the cup, it can be taken apart and the cradle removed, to permit of the name of the baby-owner being engraved upon it.

#### NEW HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL BUILDING.

THE Hahnemann Hospital, in New York City, was founded and organized by Dr. Ferdinand Seeger, in the Fall of 1869, and was formally opened for the reception of patients on the 1st of January, 1870. Among the co-founders and gentlemen whose efforts in behalf of this institution has indelibly connected their names with it are the Hon. Hiram Calkins; Hon. Richard A. Storrs, at present Deputy-Comptroller of this city; and Mrs. Maria S. Connolly. The upper portion of the building of the Northeastern Homeopathic Dispensary, at 307 East Fifty-fifth Street, was fitted up with fifteen beds. Subsequently the demands upon the institution made it necessary to secure additional accommodations, and the adjoining building was secured. These two buildings were thus used for three years, during which time there were treated in them some six hundred patients.



THE MOUNT CARMEL DISASTER.—RUINS OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. J. C. STANSFIELD.

The new hospital is to be situated on the east side of Fourth Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets. It is to consist of a central or administrative building, with two wings, one on each side, which are entirely isolated from each other, and from the centre building, with the exception of a corridor on the first floor only, running the entire length of the block and uniting the three buildings. This will give a frontage on the avenue of nearly 200 feet. The pavilions will be north and south of the administrative building, and connected on the first floor by corridors. They will contain the wards for the sick, located on the first, second and third floors, respectively. Each ward will be 70 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 15 feet in height. Ample accommodation will be given in each of them for twenty beds, thus giving each patient over 1,300 cubic feet of air.



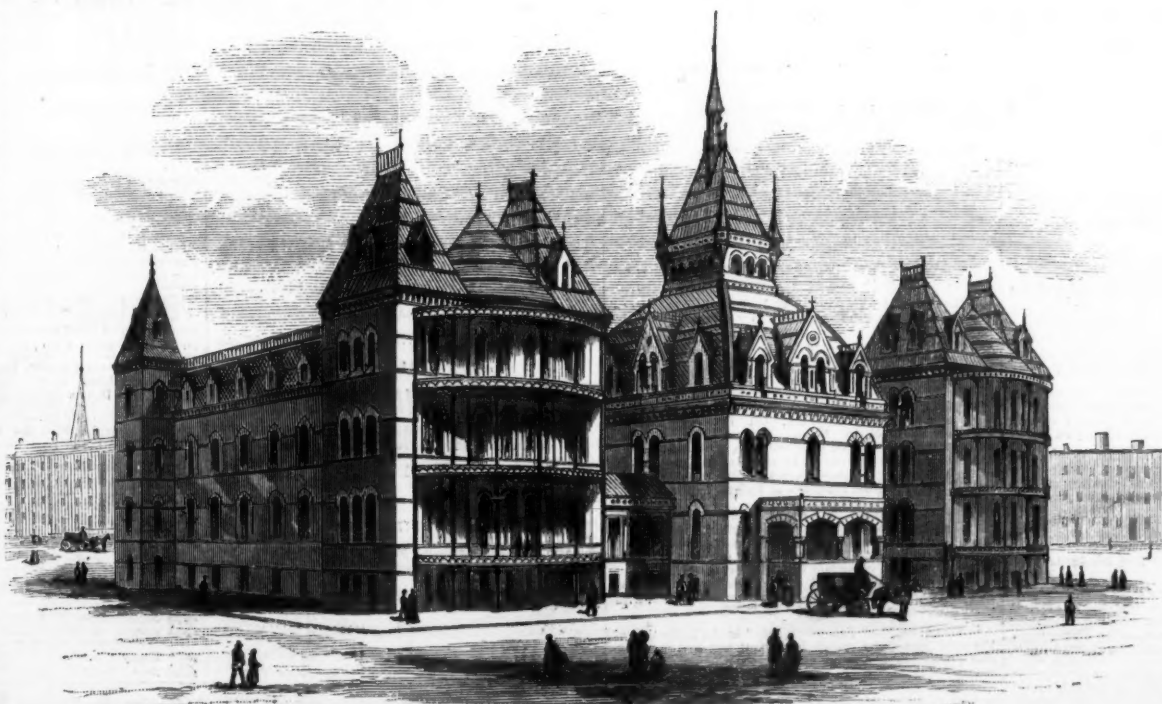
THE MOUNT CARMEL DISASTER.—A VIEW OF THE RUINS ON FOURTH STREET.

Each ward will be provided with a small dining-room for convalescent patients, besides a bathroom, lavatory, water-closet, etc. Access from one story to another will be had by means of a stone staircase at the end of each pavilion, and a light iron one erected outside the building from the ground to the roof, with landings at the several stories. The hospital, as may be seen from the plan, will be a very light, airy and cheerful building, and, when completed, will be a model structure with regard to heating, lighting and ventilating.

After organization, the trustees elected Dr. Seeger as Physician-in-Chief, which office he held for the first five years. Among others whose efforts deserve mention are Dr. F. W. Hunt, Hon. D. D. T. Marshall, Hon. Wm. Radde, Dr. A. P. Throop, Mrs. R. A. Storrs, Rev. Dr. R. M. Stratton, Mrs. R. C. Hutchings, Miss C. L. Peet, Mrs. J. O. Rhines, Mrs. G. Hoffman, Mrs. Abbie Carey, Hon. C. C. Pinckney, and others.

#### EXTRAORDINARY SHIPWRECK.

IT is a curious thing to find a wreck due, not to the ship striking a rock, but to a rock striking the ship; yet this is what seems to have happened in the case of the iron screw-steamer *Knight Templar*, which, on February 23d, off the Gulf of Tunis, appears to have been struck by a rock from a submarine volcano, while in 1,000 fathoms of water, at a distance of ten miles from the nearest known group of rocks. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling noise and by a seething of the sea into white foam all around the ship; and although the vessel was not stopped in her course, she soon began to list, and had to be steered to the Island of Galita, where the captain ran her on shore in a shallow place, which he accomplished within four hours of the submarine shock. When examined by divers, and subsequently in dock at Malta, it appeared that at a distance of about fifteen feet from the stem of the vessel some nine or ten feet had been torn out of her by something which crossed her course



NEW YORK.—THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL, FOUNDED BY DR. F. SEEGER, TO BE ERECTED ON FOURTH AVENUE, BETWEEN SIXTY-SEVENTH AND SIXTY-EIGHTH STREETS.



at right angles, and the ship had also been struck in a similar way on the other part from the same direction, and a good part of her keel twisted. Mr. William Coppin, ex-Surveyor to the London Board of Trade, who gives this account, is evidently quite satisfied that a rock driven through the sea by a submarine volcano had struck and wrecked the ship. It is hard for the sailors that, at the very time when man is contriving such frightful torpedoes for their destruction, the earth herself should begin exploding natural torpedoes upon them, without even the warning of a declaration of war.

#### Jelly from Old Boots.

The reader may stare, but science smiles supreme, and asserts most emphatically that a toothsome delicacy can be made from a dilapidated foot-covering. Some time ago, Doctor Van der Weyde regaled some friends not merely with boot-jelly, but with shirt-coffee, and the repast was pronounced by all partakers excellent. The doctor explains that he made the jelly by first cleaning the boot, and subsequently boiling it with soda under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The tannic acid in the leather, combined with salt, made tannate of soda, and the gelatin rose to the top, whence it was removed and dried. From this last, with suitable flavoring material, the jelly was readily concocted. The shirt coffee, incidentally mentioned above, was sweetened with cuff and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being produced in the same manner. The luen (after washing, of course) was treated with nitric acid, which, acting on the lignite contained in the fibre, produced glucose, or grape sugar. This, roasted, made an excellent imitation of coffee, which an addition of unroasted glucose readily sweetened.

#### The Oldest Stove in America.

A. PACKARD, now of Thorold, Ontario, but a native of Massachusetts, a patriarch of over eighty winters, publishes a bit of historical reminiscence about the oldest stove in America. A stove made in England in 1770, and still used to heat the State Capital, at Richmond, Va., has been widely credited as forming the greatest antiquity. Mr. Packard, however, matches this relic with a specimen in Plymouth County, Mass., that outdates it by nearly half a century. In 1835, he says, a Quaker family by the name of Barker, located in the old colony and built a block-house twenty feet square, intended as a kind of fort or protection against Indians. Additions and improvements were made from time to time, as circumstances required, till it had reached the magnitude of a two-story, double-front, old-time form mansion. This, with all its appurtenances, has been handed down, and is still in possession of one of the original descendants, bearing the same name, and is yet a comfortable residence. The room, as first built, has been kept as much in its primitive state as the time and circumstances would permit, and has been used as a kind of museum or receptacle for ancient relics. The original chimney has given place to a more modern one of brick. In this fireplace stands a stove, similar in construction to the old Franklin, bearing on its front, in legible figures, 1722, which is supposed to be the date of its birth. The resident proprietors know nothing of its former history (they are now about eighty years old), but think it was cast in the neighborhood. It has ever been doing good service where it now stands, 155 years old.

#### FUN.

PEACHES are coming into market slowly. Their price, added to the doctor's bill, make them expensive.

A BROOKLYN drunkard sees cats walking wrong side up every time he shuts his eyes, yet he refuses to keep his eyes open.

A TROPICAL maid said she would rather be a black bombazine band on her adored one's hat than live without him.

THE RUSSIAN army is officered exclusively by men of royal blood. Even a great many of the non-commissioned officers are carentons.

BRIGHAM YOUNG will begin celebrating his silver wedding next Monday, and it will be about three years before he gets through with it.

A LITTLE Philadelphia boy startled a lady friend of the family the other day by remarking that he was "four years old with his clothes on!"

A BOY having been told "that a reptile was an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, on examination day, promptly replied, "A baby."

A MAN died last week leaving considerable property, one-half of which he left to three needy and deserving young lawyers, to enable them to get the other half.

AN ARKANSAS editor says that his "head burns as he writes." Cut it off and pack it in ice for the summer, then. You don't need a head to edit a paper in Arkansas.

A PENNSYLVANIA man helped a boy turn over a log to catch a rabbit, and he received a bullet in his leg from the accidental discharge of the boy's gun. Kindness don't always pay.

A BOSTON family brags of having had but one cook in fifty-four years. She's seventy years old now, and when they find a saltcellar in the pudding there is no complaint.

THERE are many followers of the cynic who wrote: "Our curate's eyes my daughters praise. I cannot tell if they're divine; for when he prays he closes them, and when he preaches I shut mine."

A SMALL child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

AN old lady sleeping during divine service in a church let fall a Bible with clasp to the floor, and the noise partly awakening her, she exclaimed aloud: "What! you've broke another jug, have you?"

THERE seems to be nothing like faith. One of the deacons of a church recently wrote to a friend: "We have secured the Rev. Mr. Smith at a salary of \$200 a year, and are hoping for a great work of grace."

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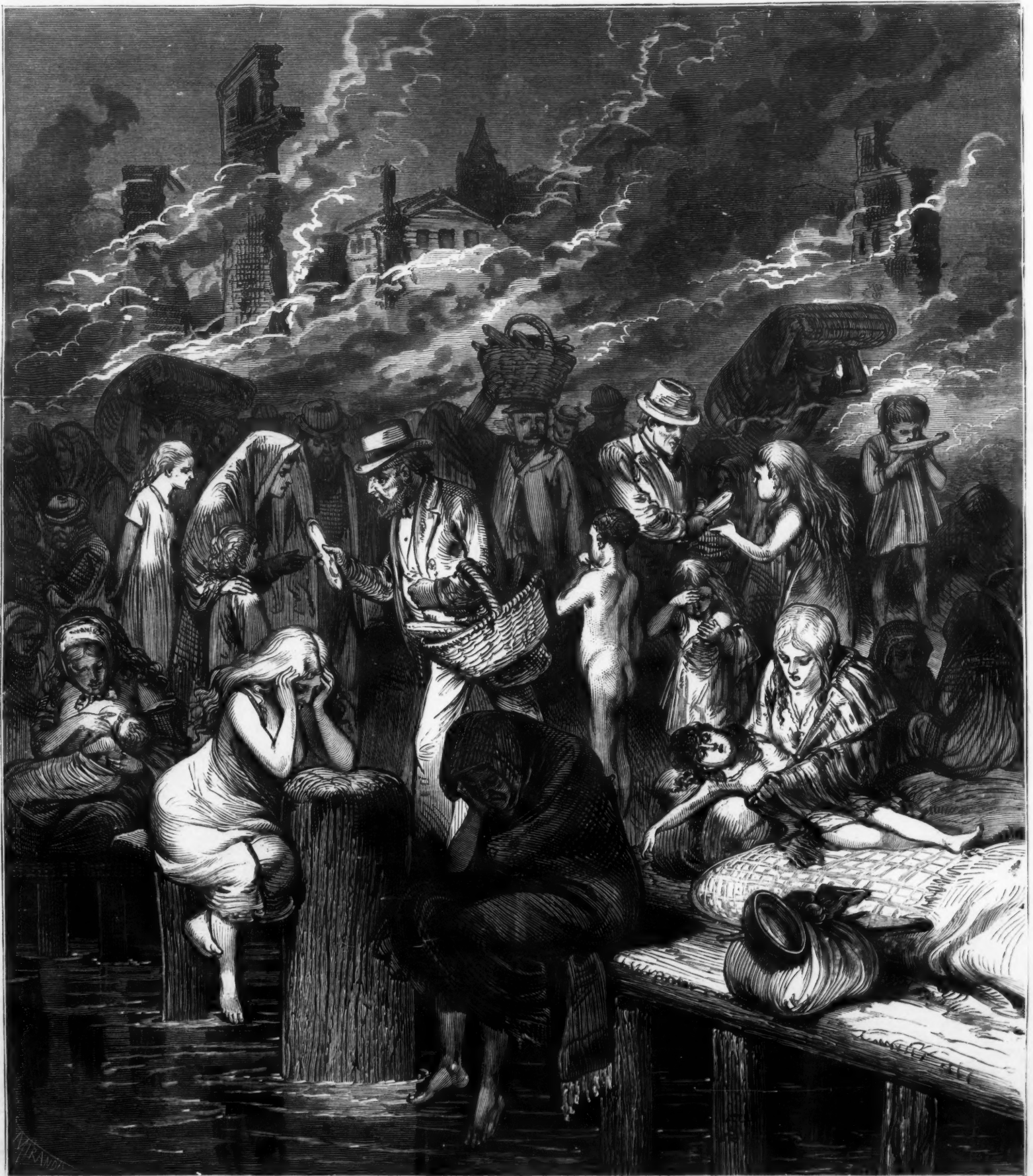


# SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

No. 1,136—Vol. XLIV.]

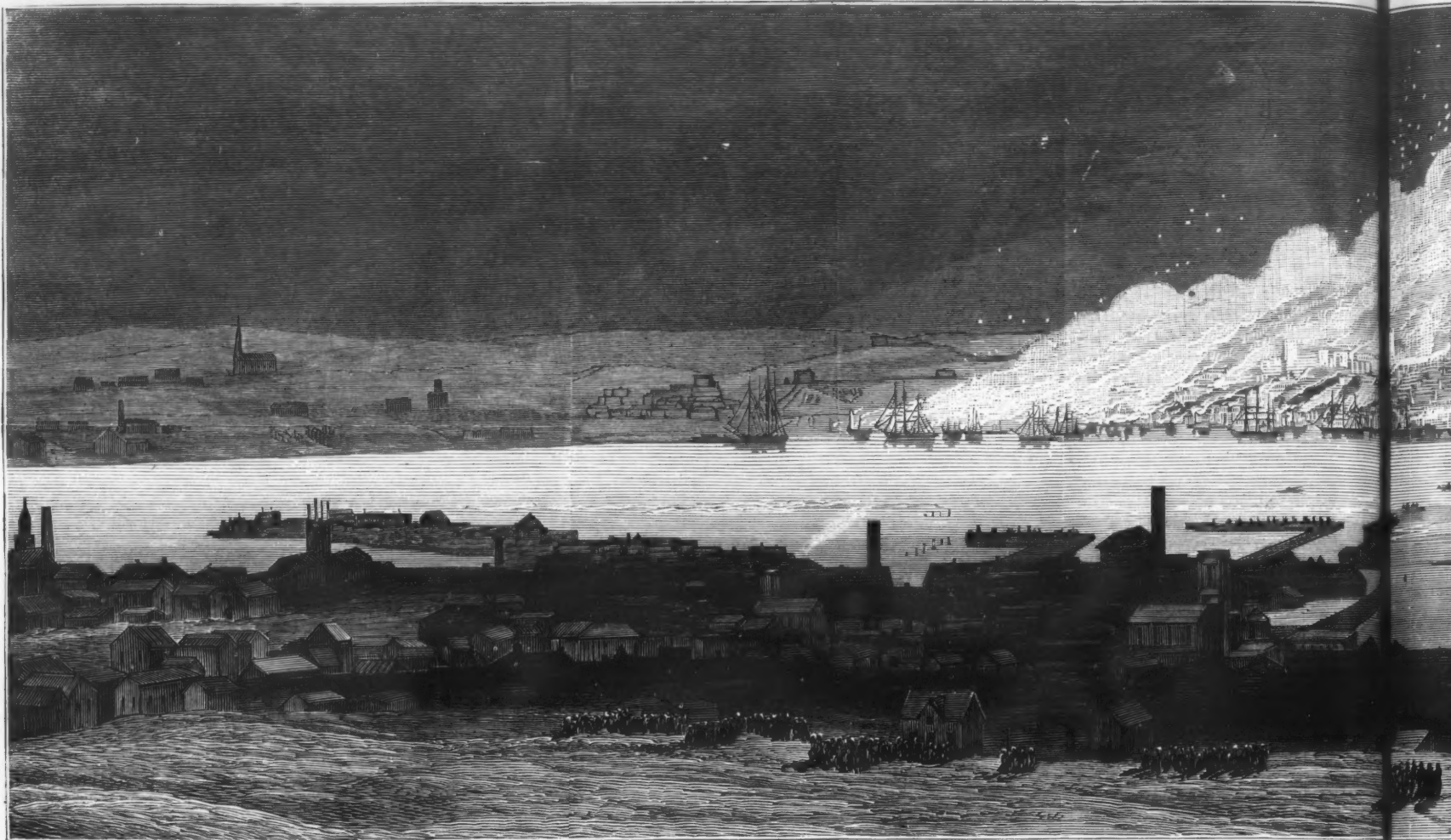
NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1877.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]



NEW BRUNSWICK.—THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 26TH.—DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD AND CLOTHING TO THE BURNED-OUT CITIZENS ON THE WHARVES.—SEE PAGE 316.

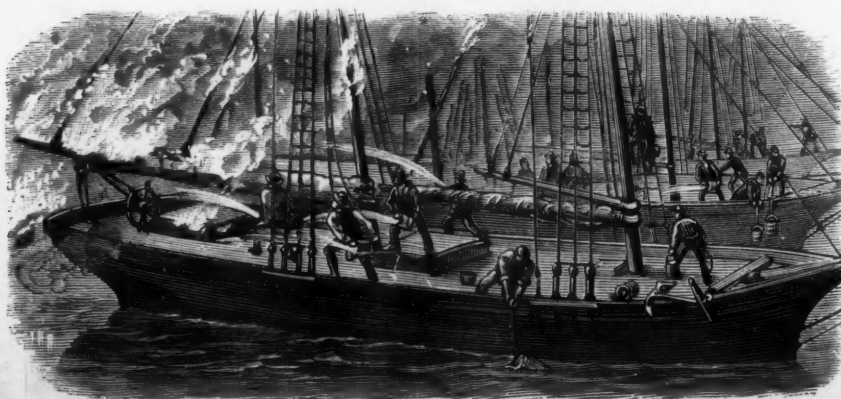




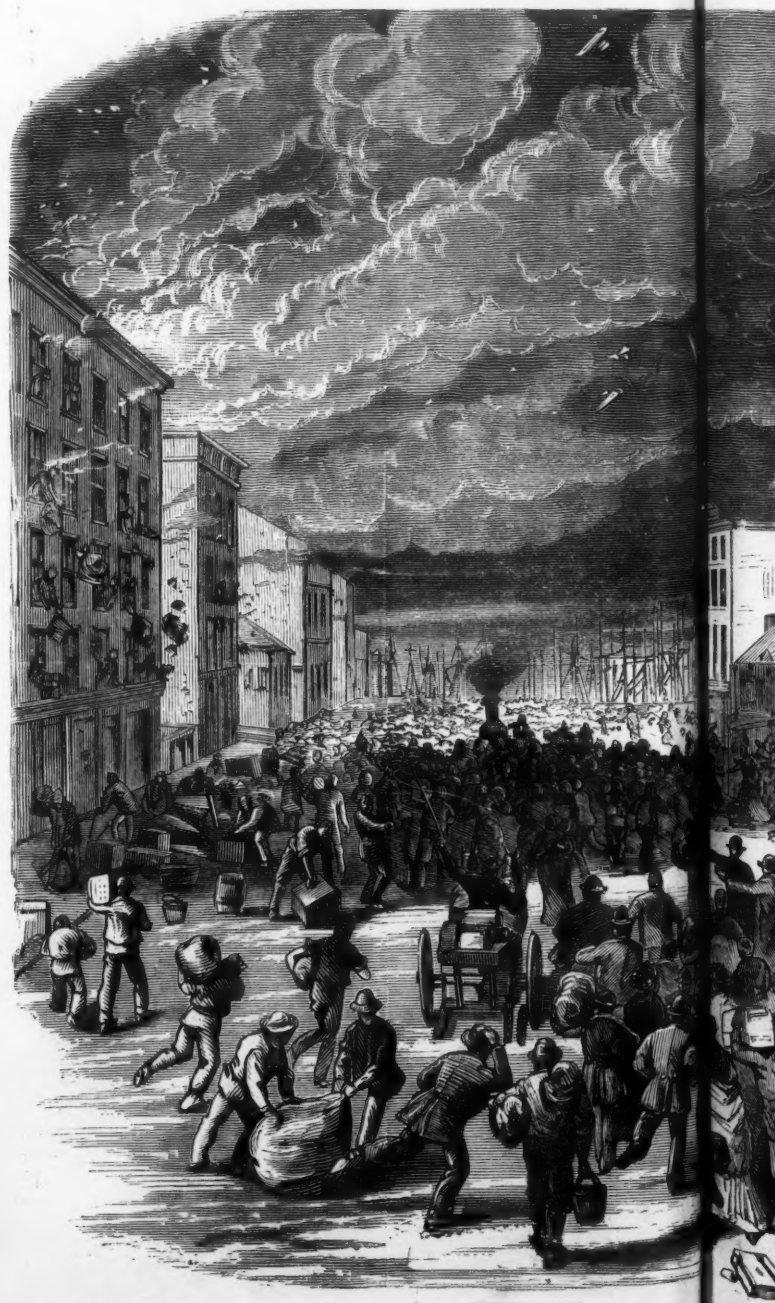
THE BEGINNING OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF ST. JO



SCENE ON UNION STREET—FIREMEN SHIELDING THEMSELVES FROM THE FLAMES WITH BOARDS.

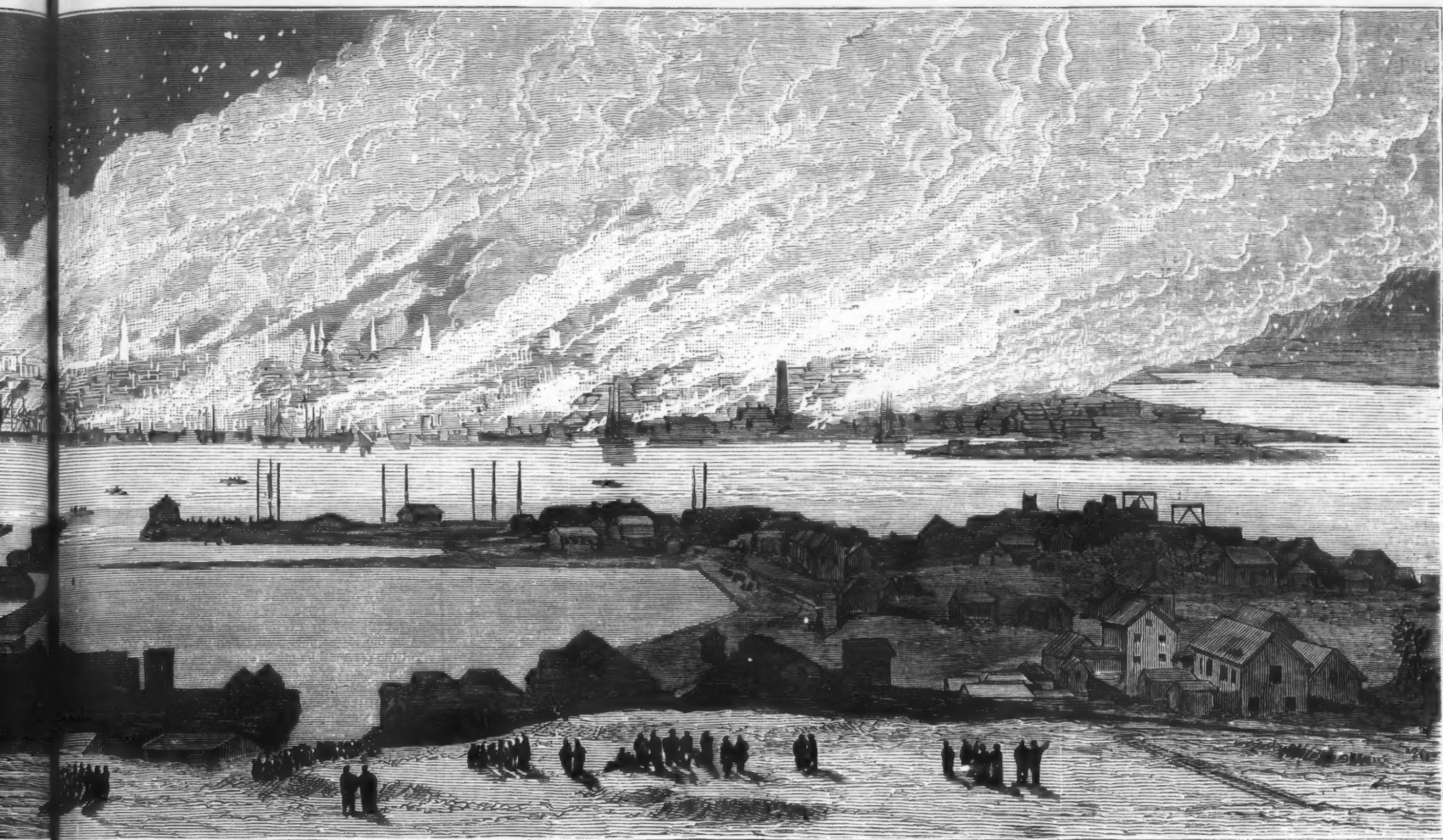


THE MARKET STREET WHARF—EFFORTS TO SAVE THE SHIPPING.



VIEW IN KING STREET  
NEW BRUNSWICK.—FATAL AND DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION CITY





ATION OF ST. JOHN, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 20TH.



G STREET BURNING.

AGRA CITY OF ST. JOHN, ON JUNE 20TH AND 21ST.—SEE PAGE 316.



THE CITIZENS FLEEING FROM THE BURNING CITY.



ODD-FELLOWS SAVING THEIR REGALIA FROM DESTRUCTION.



## A TORNADO OF FIRE.

FORTY BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS  
BURNED AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

15,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS.

AT half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 20th, a fire was discovered in a building owned by Mr. Fairweather, on the south side of York Point Slip, next to McLaughlin's boiler-shop, in St. John, Province of New Brunswick. A strong northwesterly wind was blowing at the time. The fire spread rapidly towards the business portion of St. John, clearing in its career entire streets of buildings. Dock Street, Market Square, the whole of Prince William, Water Street, south side, and part of north side, King Street, King's Square, Germain, Canterbury, Princess, Duke, Leinster, Charlotte, Eringer Streets; the whole of Lower Cove District; Sydney and Carmarthen Streets; portions of Wentworth and Pitt Streets—in fact, the entire city south of King Street, including wharves and shipping.

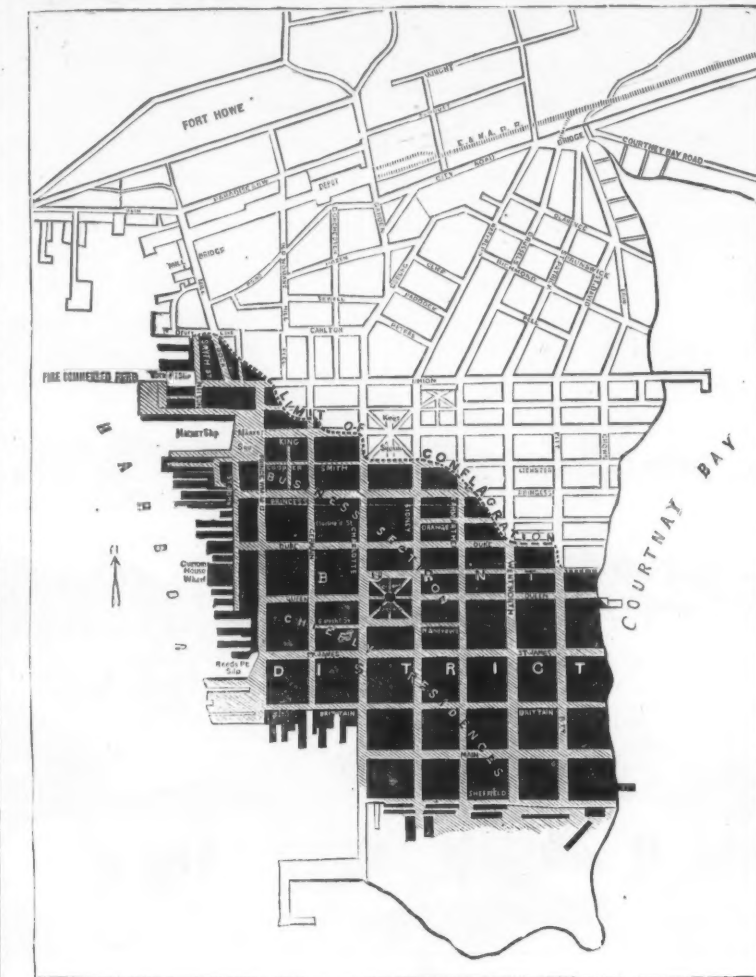
The engines arrived promptly and did their best to stop the flames, but all efforts were in vain; nothing could be done. The flames spread from Fairweather's building to the various buildings on Have's Wharf, which were also quickly consumed, and before the fire could be checked it broke out with a roar into Smith Street, carrying everything before it. The flames spread into Drury Lane and Mill Street, following that into Dock Street, taking both sides. Ere this, however, the rear of the London House and adjacent buildings had been attacked, when it was seen that the first fire would inevitably sweep along either Dock or Mill Street. Aid came from Portland in the shape of the town engine and firemen. The tinder-boxes on fire, aided by the wind, proved a combination too much for the gallant workers, and almost in despair they saw the flames advance upon them, not slowly, but with a rapidity that appalled the strongest heart.

The Carleton engine came in the ferry-boat and lent its aid in the work. One engine had been stationed at the corner of Mill and Union Streets, while the men with branches were down on Union Street opposite Drury Lane. The buildings were a mass of flames at the end of Smith Street and Drury Lane, and while the workers were vainly endeavoring to have the fire end there, a momentary gale took the flames across Union Street to the opposite houses and then they receded; but their touch had been fatal, and in less than five minutes these erections were doomed to destruction. Both sides of the street were soon in the grasp of the devouring element, and the men were obliged to drop their branch-pipes and run up the street, dragging the hose after them. Another lot of men were working at the foot of Union Street, and by placing boards in front of their faces managed to battle with the flames until their clothing was singed.

Proceeding along Smith Street in a southerly direction, the fire soon reached Nelson Street, then Robertson's Place, then extended to Robertson's Wharf and then up the South Wharf. As it gained Nelson Street on the south it there met the flames coming up that street, and the combination made a terrific heat that could not be borne. Allied with the strong wind from the northwest, it did not take long for the entire wharf to be in a blaze. Half a dozen wood-boats were at the head of Market Slip, and at the end of the wharves there were about the same number of schooners. Before the fire had assumed a formidable shape on the North Wharf the men on the vessels began to pour pails of water on the decks.

The water was low just then, and something like this was necessary to extinguish the sparks that were continually showered down on them. Those at the head of the slip were, in a quarter of an hour, on fire in so many places that it was impossible for each outbreak to receive attention before the vessels had been well on fire. The flames caught their masts, and these afforded a stepping-stone to the shops on South Wharf. Not one of these west of Ward Street was capable of withstanding the intense heat and sparks, all being of wood, and they went down as if felled by a hurricane. The schooners in front having been hauled out to a place of safety, many of the occupants of the stores were off helping their unfortunate brother-merchants, and some arrived in time to save their books only. Others were just able to witness the destruction of all their stock. Some of the embers lodged in the steeple of Trinity Church, Germain Street, and with nothing to save it, the fire being so high as to be almost beyond reach, it was left to pursue its own way. As the news spread that some wooden houses on Horsefield Street, as well as others on Duke Street, near the Victoria Hotel, were on fire, thousands were alarmed, and it was soon seen that the fire was spreading north, south, east and west to Germain, Charlotte, Duke and Horsefield Streets, with not an engine to be had and everything going down before the unrelenting flames. A building on Charlotte Street had scarcely become a prey to the flames when others on either side followed suit, and in half an hour all but the Germain Street side of the square was in ashes, the Victoria Hotel and St. Andrew's Church were in great danger, and the hotel guests, as well as the employees, began to make preparations for seeking new quarters. Very little time was given them to collect their valuables, and in the majority of cases they had to leave with scanty wardrobes.

About the same time St. Andrew's Church took fire, and it did not stand long. Adjoining the church was a two-story brick building, occupied as a tailor-shop in the lower story, and by the Beacon, Pioneer and Sloop lodges of Odd-Fellows, as well as Millicent's Encampment of that Order, on the upper flat, which was destroyed, prior to which, however, the members managed to enter the building and save most of the regalia and paraphernalia. The buildings at the southern corner of Dock and Union Streets, and on the opposite corner, caught almost simultaneously. To say that the fire raged fiercely here would but faintly describe the terrible certainty of its progression, unheeded of the streams of water directed upon it. The engine was obliged to shift its position from this quarter, the



MAP OF ST. JOHN, N. B., SHOWING THE AREA OF THE BURNED DISTRICT AFTER THE FIRE OF JUNE 20TH.

heat being terrific. There was also danger that the hose would be burned, and of all things its preservation was most essential. The engine was taken down Dock Street, but it seemed as if the fire did not wish to part company, and kept up a rapid pursuit. It also spread along the western part of Mill Street, crossing over to the opposite side and darting with lightning-like rapidity upon Messrs. Rankine & Son's biscuit manufactory. Then following onward towards North Street from the South Wharf, the flames entered Ward Street and extended to Peter's Wharf in a remarkably short space of time, carrying everything before them. They then worked through to Water Street, and thence soon made their way to the southern part of the Market Square, making a jump up to Prince William Street. At this stage a wooden house on Canterbury Street took the flames, and buildings on Church Street were soon imperiled. The flames then advanced to Princess and King Streets, and buildings on Germain Street, opposite Trinity Church, took fire very rapidly. The Academy of Music was destroyed. There were two occupied stores on the ground floor of this building, and the Knights of Pythias rented a hall up-stairs. Many of the actors, who were under engagement to Mr. Nanery, lost portions of their wardrobe, and all the scenery was burned.

When the fire had reached the Market Square and had obtained a stronghold on the many fine buildings thereon situated, several explosions were heard coming from one of the hardware stores and caused a general scattering of the people all around. The reports reached as far as the Court House. The fire entered King Street on the western side from Germain and Canterbury Streets to the St. John Hotel, burning the Trinity School in its course, and went up the south side of King's Square and leveled to the ground the Lyceum, destroying the marble works of Mr. S. P. Osgood and Messrs. Milligan. It then proceeded to Mr. Robertson's stables, across to St. Malachi's Hall, up Leinster Street, and then back to King Street, east, down nearly to Pitt Street. From there all buildings south of King Street have been burned. In the other part of the city the conflagration was stopped about North Street, having extended as far up Union Street as Messrs. J. & T. Robinson's. The Bank of British North America was saved. The police-office and station opposite were burned. The shipping floated down the harbor to places of safety at an early stage of the fire. There were no losses of shipping by fire except the schooners in Market Slip.

At an early hour the Western Union Telegraph Company's office was burned, and its valuable batteries and apparatus destroyed. A great quantity of goods saved fell into the hands of thieves, who hung around like vultures, eager to avail themselves of any opportunity that afforded to carry off what they could lay their hands on.

The ballast wharf was covered most of the night with thousands of people anxious to escape by water, as were also the railway-track and the grounds around the track between the ballast wharf and Courtney Bay. The following newspaper offices, with their "plant" and stock, were completely swept away: The *Freeman*, the *Evening Globe*, the *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Watchman* and *Religious Intelligencer*. The *Globe*, *Telegraph*, *News*, *Watchman* and *Intelligencer* had job-offices attached. Messrs. Chubb & Co. lost their large job office, book-binding, etc. Messrs. McMillan lost their job-office, building, etc. Mr. Knodell lost his job-office. The following are among the list of public buildings burned: Post-Office, Bank of New Brunswick, City Building, Custom-House, Maritime Bank building, in which were this bank's office and those of the Montreal and Nova Scotia Banks, the office of the School Trustees, etc., the Bank of Nova Scotia's new building, the Academy of Music building, in which was the hall of the Knights of Pythias; the Victoria Hotel, Odd-Fellows' Hall, No. 1 Engine-house, Orange Hall, King Street Temperance Hall, King Street East Dramatic Lyceum, Victoria School-house, Temple of Honor Hall,

Barnes's Hotel, Royal Hotel, St. John Hotel, Acadia Hotel, the Brunswick House, Bay View Hotel, International Hotel, Wiggins' Orphan Asylum, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

The churches destroyed are Trinity, St. Andrew's Church, Germain Street; Baptist Church, Germain Street; Christian Church, Duke Street; St. James's Church, Leinster Street; Baptist (the Centenary) Church, St. Philip's, Carmarthen Street; Mission Methodist, Pitt Street; Mission Church, St. David's Church, Reformed Presbyterian Church, and the Sheffield Street Mission House. No clear estimate of the value of the property destroyed, or of the insurance, can be given. Certainly \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 worth is gone, and insurance men think their risks may run up to \$15,000,000. The entire business portion of the city is destroyed. Not a leading establishment has escaped. All the principal drygoods stores, the leading groceries, all the ship-brokers, commission merchants, all in the business of wholesale liquors, flour, provisions, coal, salt, lumber, tea, West India goods, etc., are utterly wiped out. Forty odd blocks, or nearly two hundred acres, south of King Street, have not six buildings remaining. The valuables of the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Nova Scotia were removed to the vault and safes of the Bank of New Brunswick. Every street, square and alley is filled with furniture, and thousands of people are without food or shelter.

## THE ILL-FATED CITY

is the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick, and occupies a commanding position at the mouth of the St. John River. It is built on a ridge of solid rock, through which the streets have been hollowed out at great expense. A rocky peninsula is formed by the river and harbor on the west side and Courtney Bay on the east, and on the sloping sides the city was built. North of the city lies the suburb of Portland, in the Valley of the St. John, and beyond are hills studded with the residences of the wealthy. Across the harbor is the town of Carleton, which is also built on a declivity. The harbor is good, being kept free from ice by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy and the sweeping current of the St. John River. The population of the city, and its suburbs is about 50,000.

A great many settlements were made in Acadia before St. John was founded. In 1635 Charles St. Etienne, Lord of Laton, built a fort opposite Mary's Island in the harbor, and here he and his wife were besieged by his rival, D'Aulnay Charnisay. In 1654 the Province was wrested from the French, but no settlement of importance was made on the St. John until 1749, when a fort was built about ten miles from the present site. In 1745 the French were again driven out by the English, and in 1758 a garrison was established at St. John, under the command of Colonel Moncton. The first English settlers went to New Brunswick in 1764, but no permanent settlement was made until 1783, when the Royalists arrived and founded the present City of St. John, which was created a town by Royal Charter two years afterwards.

King Street is the Broadway of the city. At its foot is Market Slip, the rendezvous of vessels loaded with produce, fish and cord-wood. Market Square, which is close by, is a dingy triangle where the unemployed truckmen, wood-sawyers, coal-heavers, and odd-job men of the city are to be found. At the lower end of the square is the spot where the self-exiled American Loyalists landed on May 15th, 1783. Handsome stores fronted on this square, all of which have been swept away. At the northern corner of King Street was the Western Union Telegraph Office, and adjoining was the Maritime Bank, a handsome building, four stories in height, with a gray freestone front, a granite basement, and a mansard roof. The Bank of Montreal, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Board of Trade had offices in the same building. The police-office is close by. A little higher up Prince William Street is a fine four-story granite structure occupied by the Bank of British North America—the only bank building in the city that was not destroyed.

Since 1853 the water supply of the city has been drawn from Little River, and the works have a daily capacity of 5,500,000 gallons. The Fire Department has three steam-engines.

Early on the morning of the 22d, after it was understood that the conflagration had been thoroughly extinguished, a second fire was discovered in a brick building at York Point Slip, and for a time it appeared as if the remaining third part of the city would be destroyed. The firemen, however, succeeded in confining the flames to the one building, and all danger was overcome in an hour.

Fully 15,000 people were rendered homeless by the disaster, and the most intense destitution and suffering ensued.

Relief, in the form of money, provisions, clothing, hospital stores and other necessities, began to pour into the city at once; and special meetings were organized in all parts of the United States, to procure more means of alleviating the suffering. The first reports placed the loss of life at thirty, but by Saturday the list had been reduced to eight persons.

## THE ANALYSIS OF THE DIAMOND.

LAVOISIER, the great French chemist, undertook the examination of the diamond (Prof. Roscoe remarks), and it is worth while noticing how carefully he went to work—how he proceeded slowly from one step to another in the logical sequence until he arrived at the true solution of the question which he had undertaken to investigate—that is, until he was able to tell exactly what happens when the diamond evaporates in the fire, and why it did not do so when surrounded by charcoal. In the first place, he evaporated the diamond by means of the burning-glass, and he observed that no visible vapor or smoke was given off, but that the diamond disappeared. He thought that perhaps the solid diamond had in some way been dissolved by the water, and that by evaporating the water which was in the lower part of the bell-jar in which he burnt the diamond he might obtain the constituents of the diamond in a solid form; but he found that no solid residue was left on evaporation, and thus no trace of the diamond could be found. His next experiment was that of placing a diamond in a focus of a less powerful lens than the one he had formerly used, so that the diamond was not heated to so high a temperature as before, again placing it, however, in a bell-jar over water. He then found that the diamond, when not heated quite so strongly, lost only about one-quarter of its weight; it did not disappear altogether, but the remarkable fact was noticed that it became covered with a black substance, which Lavoisier describes as being exactly like lampblack or soot, so that it dirtied the fingers when touched, and made a black mark upon paper. Hence he concluded that the diamond is susceptible of being brought, under certain circumstances, into the condition of charcoal, so that it really belongs to the class of combustible bodies. He was, however, yet far from having proved this point, and he went on experimenting. He next measured the volume of air in which he was going to burn the diamond, and found it about eight cubic inches. Then he burned the diamond in this volume of air by means of a lens, and found that the air had diminished to a volume of six cubic inches, thus showing that the air had undergone some change by the combustion of the diamond, and that two out of eight volumes of air had disappeared. The next experiment he made was to examine the condition of the air in which the diamond had been evaporated. What changes had gone on in the air in consequence of the evaporation of the diamond? After allowing the glass in which he had burned the diamond to stand for four days, he poured clear lime-water into the jar in which the diamond had been evaporated, and he says this lime-water was at once precipitated, in the same manner as if it had been brought into contact with gas evolved into effervescence and fermentation, or that given off in cases of metallic reduction. Here, then, he had got on the track of what he wanted. Hitherto the diamond had apparently disappeared, and nothing was found to account for its disappearance; but now he had found that there was something contained in the air in which the diamond was burned which was not contained in the air before. The next step he took was to examine the white precipitate or powder which formed, and he found that the substance thus precipitated from lime-water by the air in which the diamond had been evaporated effervesced on treatment with acid, and evolved what was then known as fixed air, but which we now know as carbonic acid gas. Here, then, in his last experiment, he completed his proof, showing that exactly the same effects are observed when charcoal is experimented upon instead of diamond. Lavoisier had now run his quarry to earth; he had determined exactly what it is that is formed when a diamond is burned. He has shown that a diamond, when burned, produces exactly the same substance that is produced when common charcoal is burned, and he, therefore, legitimately concludes that the diamond is only another form of the element carbon. The reason that the diamond did not burn in the furnace when surrounded by a mass of charcoal was that the air, or rather the oxygen of the air, could not get to the diamond, because it was kept off by the charcoal which burned instead of the diamond.

## JOURNALISM IN ITALY.

SOME interesting information respecting journalism in Italy is given by Prof. A. de Gubernatis in the *International Review*. It seems that not one of all the papers, great and small, has a circulation exceeding 20,000 copies. The fluctuation is in some instances remarkable. The *Pungolo*, of Milan, varies from 8,000 to 14,000; the *Farfaglia*, of Rome, from 8,000 to 20,000, and the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, of Florence, from 12,000 to 20,000. The circulation of the *Perseveranza*, the most important journal of Lombardy, scarcely attains a limit of 3,000 copies, while the *Nazione*, "of all the journals publishes in Tuscany the one most distinguished for excellence of style and dignity of tone," has scarcely 1,000 subscribers on its books, and outside of Tuscany it is but little in request. Florence has attained as a publishing centre an importance far exceeding that of Rome, and Milan is "the city of Italy where there is the most reading, good or bad." The Milanese were, however, even under the Romans noted for their refined manners and literary tastes, and in the present day are only treading or endeavoring to tread in the footsteps of their forefathers. There are in Italy a large number of deputies who are "connected with the press," or of journalists who combine newspaper with parliamentary work.